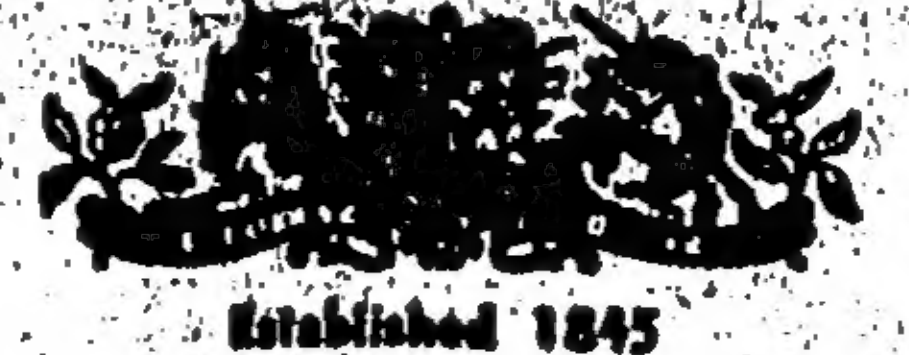


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Danger Sign

THIS voting in the Schleswig-Holstein state election earlier this week must have come as an unpleasant shock to Dr. Adenauer, the Christian Democratic party leader, who had been counting on a reduction in the party's strength in the upper house. And it is this swing towards the Social Democrats continues in other state elections later this year it could deprive Dr. Adenauer of his coalition majority in the upper house which he needs to carry through any controversial legislation (such as the rearmament plan). The Schleswig-Holstein vote serves to emphasize the growing apprehension in Germany for any plan—such as rearmament and union with other West European powers—likely to make the division of the Eastern and Western sectors permanent. Sovereignty and rearmament mean much to the Germans who are naturally anxious to resume their position as one of the leading nations of Western Europe. But many place union of the East and West zones before this. In Schleswig-Holstein, almost a third of the residents have been expelled from East Prussia and other parts of Eastern Europe. They are probably less concerned with integrating West Germany in a European alliance than with regaining their old homes and securing freedom for those they left behind in the Communist territories. But it would be wrong to conclude that the refugees and the Social Democrats are the only protagonists of a "union first" policy. The recent defeat of S.D.P. in the French Assembly and the consequent delay of granting sovereignty to Germany must have counted heavily against the Christian Democrats in Schleswig-Holstein especially as Herr Ollenhauer based the whole campaign of the Social Democrats on the "complete failure" of the Government's foreign policy. Any further delays in granting sovereignty could therefore make the position very difficult for Dr. Adenauer.

DULLES BACKS BRITISH PLAN

Statesmen "Highly Satisfied"

Janet Jagan Gets New Sentence

Georgetown, Sept. 17. Mrs. Janet Jagan, secretary of the leftwing People's Progressive Party in British Guiana, was today ordered to pay a fine of \$100 or serve three months in prison on a charge of being found in possession of "Soviet News", a publication banned from entry into the colony.

Mrs. Jagan told the magistrate she had no intention of paying the fine in keeping with party policy and was taken back to prison where she is already serving a three-month sentence on another charge.

The defence submitted that Mrs. Jagan was a housewife and the police had failed to establish her connection with the Party as secretary.

The magistrate ruled that where a defendant was present at a search and illegal articles were found on the premises, a prima facie case of possession had been proved.

The police withdrew two other charges of unlawful possession of the "Soviet News" and the "World Trade Union Movement".

Mrs. Jagan gave the three-month sentence as she left to go back to prison.

Her husband, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, was released from prison a few days after serving a six-month sentence of imprisonment for violating an order restricting his movements to Georgetown.—Reuter.

Pope Slightly Better

Castel Gandolfo, Sept. 17. The Pope, who was reported last night to be feeling the effects of his recent illness today gave a series of audiences without showing signs of unusual fatigue.

But today his personal physician, Dr. Riccardo Galeazzi Lisi, is leaving Rome for a three-day holiday which was regarded here as indicating that he felt no alarm for the health of the 78-year-old Pontiff.

It was understood, however, that the Swiss specialist who has been treating the Pope at regular intervals since he first fell gravely in last January, would remain at Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer palace.—Reuter.

After Talks Germany To Be Rearmed Under NATO

London, Sept. 17. The American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, left for Washington tonight after endorsing in broad outline Britain's new plan to salvage Western defence from the wreckage of the European Army scheme.

Britain has proposed West Germany be rearmed within the Atlantic pact and the Brussels Treaty Organisation.

Mr. Dulles talked for nearly six hours today with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden, and a Foreign Office spokesman announced that the British and American statesmen were "highly satisfied" with the result of their meeting.

The short official statement issued after the talks made no reference to Mr. Dulles's backing of the specific British plan—disclosed in well-informed quarters—but said he "favoured" the British Government's call for a nine-nation conference to consider how to bring Germany into Western defence.

The statement said: "Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden exchanged views in London on September 17 in the light of their recent journeys on the situation caused by the French Assembly's rejection of EDC."

"They agreed upon the need for speedy action and favoured the early convening of a preparatory conference to consider how best to associate the German Federal Republic with the Western nations on a basis of full equality."

"Mr. Dulles's support sets the seal on the meeting, which has already been backed by Canada, France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. It will take place in London in about 10 days' time, though formal invitations have yet to be issued.

PRELIMINARY

The conference will be a preliminary to a full Ministerial session of the North Atlantic Treaty Council called for mid-October.

There is general agreement between all the nations concerned that the Brussels treaty formed in part originally as a protection against Germany—now offers the best method for containing an armed Germany within a European grouping.

But there are wide differences of view between Britain and France on the new shape the treaty organisation should take. This will be thrashed out at the nine-power conference.

Officials declined to say after today's talks what the American attitude to those differences of approach.

MOST USEFUL

Mr. Dulles refused any comment on the meeting as he waited to board his plane at London airport. Mr. Eden, who saw him off, said: "I am sure the conversation have been most useful."

Major topics in today's meetings was how to free West Germany from nine years of Allied occupation.

Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles, who yesterday had talks in Bonn with the West German Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, agreed today that top priority should be given to restoring sovereignty to the Bonn Government.

The method to be used for ending the occupation will be studied by the three Western Ministers and Dr. Adenauer at separate meetings held during four or five days of the nine-power conference in London.—Reuter.

More U.S.N. Ships For Pacific

Norfolk, Virginia, Sept. 17. United States Atlantic Fleet Headquarters said today that 10 ships of the Atlantic fleet amphibious force, all based in Norfolk, would be transferred to the west coast for duty with the Pacific Fleet at the beginning of 1955.

Transfer of these ships to the West coast brings to 27 the number being transferred from the Atlantic Fleet to the Pacific Fleet in coming months.

Earlier this week it was announced that the carrier Midway, eight ships of Destroyer Squadron 28 based here and Destroyer Squadron 18 based in Newport, Rhode Island, would be transferred to the West coast.

The transfer of these ships was being effected, a Navy spokesman said, to ease the rotational schedule of Pacific Fleet units to and from the Western Pacific and permit personnel longer periods in home ports.—Reuter.

Frankie Laine Fans Cheer Dulles

London, Sept. 17. Scores of teenage girls, laughing and shouting, gave Mr. John Foster Dulles a cheerful and unexpected send-off from London airport tonight.

The girls—seven coachloads of them—were waiting to welcome the American singer Frankie Laine, who was flying in from Paris.

They cheered and waved their placards announcing "Frankie I love you" when Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden arrived at the airport.

Mr. Dulles laughed heartily as their greetings as he stepped from his car. Then he turned to one of his party and said, "See what fame is!"—Reuter.

Kidnapping Sequel Judge To Decide On Baby's Home

Paris, Sept. 17. A Paris judge today decided to make an inspection of Jimmy Goldsmith's luxurious Paris West-End flat before ruling on a custody claim by her grandmother for four-month-old Isabel Goldsmith.

The Duchess of Duras, estranged wife of Bolivian tin millionaire Antonio Patino, has asked for custody of baby Isabel, who "Jimmy" Goldsmith alleges has been kidnapped by her grandparents.

Judge Jean Assiet who heard the petition in Chambers, decided to have a look at the flat after the 20-year-old Goldsmith, a member of a wealthy British family of hotel owners, had claimed that it had all the facilities for the healthy upbringing of the child.

The Duchess, mother of the lovely young runaway bride Isabel, who married Goldsmith against her parents' wishes and died after giving birth to the baby, contended that the flat was unsuitable for a delicate baby suffering from lack of oxygen.

Goldsmith has a charge pending that the baby was kidnapped from the Versailles hotel where she was being looked after by the Duchess and English nurse Deborah Cockbill.

Maitre Rene Floriot, the Patino lawyer, said the Duchess had rented a large flat at Versailles where the child could receive proper care.

The Goldsmith's lawyer, Maitre Alleaume, claimed that Goldsmith had every justification to exercise parental rights unless he had been proved unworthy.

The inspection of the flat lasted 45 minutes. The judge's findings will not be known until tomorrow at the earliest.—Reuter.

Border 'Incident' In Germany

CZECH GUARDS SEIZE TWO U.S. SERVICEMEN

Heidelberg, Sept. 17. An American lieutenant and a private were arrested and detained by Czech border guards today, German police reported.

They said the Czechs told them the two Americans were seized on Czech territory and had been taken to the town of Pilsen.

The matter would be settled on a "Ministerial level" they quoted the guards as saying.

American authorities admit the men were both in the Seventh Army but declined to disclose their names.

The Army said both soldiers were well inside German territory when seized near Ebern, on the Czech-Bavarian border.

Battle Order Given To Red China Troops

Tokyo, Sept. 18. Chinese Communist forces facing the Nationalist garrison on Formosa have received orders to "make ready for battle," the Communist Peking radio said today.

The broadcast said a directive was issued to Communist troops in East China to step up preparations for the "liberation" of Formosa in face of increased Nationalist air and sea raids designed to smash Communist junk fleets assembling along the Communist mainland.

The Peking broadcast, monitored in Tokyo, said the directive was issued recently by the Communist Party committee of the East China military area. The area faces Formosa and the Nationalist-held islands just off the Chinese mainland.

Peking radio said the directive ordered Army personnel to be "prepared for combat" to continue to strengthen sea, air and land defences and to rush training to achieve "victory" over the Nationalist forces.

In another broadcast today, the Chinese Communists said their "volunteer" units had begun withdrawing from North Korea.—United Press.

Weather Clears Up For Big Fight

New York, Sept. 17. Rocky Marciano, the holder, was half a pound heavier than on Wednesday at the second weigh-in today for the twice postponed world heavyweight title fight with Ezzard Charles at the Yankee Stadium here tonight.

Marciano scaled 13 stone 5 lbs as against his 13 stone 4½ lbs on Wednesday.

Charles was the same as on Wednesday—13 stone 10½ lbs.

Weather forecasts for the bout, now due to start at 11 p.m. local time, (0300 GMT) about (Noon HK time), after having been ruined off on Wednesday and Thursday, continued to be favourable.

Marciano's weight today was half a pound less than when he beat Charles on points in June. On that occasion, Charles scaled 13 stone 3½ lbs.

Charles's weight today was his heaviest for any fight. He twice before weighed 13 stone, 9½ lbs and lost both times—to Jersey Joe Walcott and Nino Valdes.

Mr. Harry Markson, Director of the International Boxing Club, the promoters, said that about \$25,000 had been returned to ticket-holders unable to attend tonight's bout.—Reuter.

TROOPS LEAVE KOREA

London, Sept. 17. According to a New China News Agency report tonight about 5,400 Chinese "people's volunteers" were withdrawn from Korea on Thursday under the Korean armistice agreement.

The withdrawal was made through Sinanju, one of the ports of entry, the agency added.

(It was announced in Peking on September 5 that seven divisions of Chinese troops would leave Korea in September and October.)

The departing troops and their weapons and ammunition were inspected by the neutral nations inspection team stationed at Sinanju.—Reuter.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 1: Fred Jarvis, President of the British National Union of Students writes his impressions of Russian youth today and tells you about the "struggle" of the Russian equivalent of England's "Teddy" Boys. Lady Pakenham and Drusilla Boyfus discuss the sort of wife that does not help her husband.

P. 2: Edgar Lustgarten has written No. 4 in his series of dramatizations of famous trials. "Scribbler", who is writing a series of articles on the analysis of handwriting, deals this week with rounded and angular writing and flourishes.

P. 7: George Whiting continues the popular series on "Where Are The Stars Of The Stage Today?" And Tom Eyton, China Mail feature writer, has written about "The Golf Cup With A Curse On It".

P. 8: John Deane Potter takes you into the casinos of the French Riviera where you will meet more of the "Big Spenders".

P. 13: Our light, bright and breezy columnist, Les Armour and William Hickey, give you their weekly parade of home-side events.

Following Shooting

Strong Patrols In Saigon

Saigon, Sept. 17. Strong forces patrolled the streets of Saigon tonight and set up road blocks following an hour-long street battle outside the station last night, in which two men were killed and four wounded.

Police stated today that two grenades were thrown and four men were eventually broken up when several hundred police were rushed to the scene.

They detained several suspects in a dance hall and in a Chinese theatre.

The police source said the battle began when national army troops tried to force their way into a theatre when accompanied by members of a private army who assist in patrolling the streets here.

Both police and army agreed that the fighting had no connection with the quarrel between the Vietnamese Premier, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, and the army chief of staff, General Nguyen Van Hinh.—Reuter.

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RITZ

SHOWING
TO-DAY

NEXT CHANGE

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

In "Rose Marie," the CAPITOL and LIBERTY seem to have a winner — it'll be running over into next week, and after that they'll have "Aan."

"Knock On Wood" will also go on over the weekend and there's a possibility after that of "Flame Of Calcutta" being shown at the KING'S and PRINCESS while the EMPIRE takes "Come Back Little Sheba". The three combine again next weekend with "It Should Happen To You".

Again there's a stay at the ROXY and BROADWAY in "Demetrius And The Gladiators" — it's expected to go on for another week and the next change hasn't yet been announced. "Ring Of Fear" continues at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA until next week and for those of you who missed "Hamlet" for the second time there's good news. It'll probably be returning to give you your third chance in the middle of next week. Another excellent old timer takes over then — "King's Row".

"The Moon Is Blue" is the HOOVER's film, to be followed by "Sabre Jet" and "Scarlet Spear".

The LEE and GREAT WORLD are the only two theatres to be showing a French picture after the spate of Continental films we've had recently — it's "Par Ordre du Tsar" or "Stronger Than Love" and then they'll show a Mickey Spillane thriller "I, The Jury".

"Aan" was made in India and is the first full length colour picture to be produced there.

"The Flame Of Calcutta" is Denise Dancel complete with French accent and flowing red garments. I found the plot a little confusing — it had something to do with Calcutta, obviously, from the title. But to my untutored eyes the fore-mentioned flowing red garments seemed to be a disguise whenever she wanted to disguise herself as the avenging fighter of wrongs were distinctly Arabic in design. A small point and one not really important, I suppose, in a film not meant to be taken too seriously.

Apparently Denise's father — French consul in Calcutta — and another "would-be" ruler of wrongs — had fallen foul of the local ruler and been assassinated for his meddling. A slight misuse of the hospitality of a country in which he was a guest, I thought.

Anyway, after his death, daughter Denise decides to carry on the good work. Not as herself though. Being a woman, she of course has to add the right touch of mystery to her philanthropic activities. And besides, she probably always thought she'd look rather fetching in a red cloak and — "burnous" I think it's called.

The East India Company and its rather shaky relations with the Prince of Calcutta come into the story too — also Clive of India pops on to the scene. Rather well done, this character, by Paul Cavanagh.

VERY NICE GIRL
Maggie MacNamara is a very nice girl indeed in "The Moon Is Blue", but some of the lines

she's given would make grand-ma's hair curl. I confess to having been shaken a little myself, once or twice.

That she's extremely frank is very much of an understatement, and with wide-eyed naïveté she completely takes the wind out of the sails of such hardened cases as William Holden and David Niven.

Neither can believe that a girl (little more than a teenager) who combines such absurdities of expression as "real gone" and "acting like crazy" with shattering home truths about the facts of life can possibly be the innocent she appears.

The dialogue, which in spite of its outspokenness is refreshingly free from double entendre, is witty and very well put over by the principal actors. Maggie MacNamara especially, who carries almost the entire weight of the picture on her bony little shoulders will fairly certainly be nominated for one of the film colony's awards for her performance.

David Niven has a part made to order. He's the roué father of Dawn Addams — a luscious wench who's been given the brush-off (the only term applicable) by a William Holden disinclined to take advantage of her oft proffered charms.

William Holden appears to have great fun in this, his first light comedy role for a long time. But although his name is top of the billing, the acting honours go to the rather plain Maggie.

Perhaps to say this is a little unfair to both William Holden and David Niven, because the whole film is so well put together that the slightest trace of over-acting or scene-stealing by them from Maggie MacNamara would throw the picture off balance.

It's her picture because it was written that way and she was big enough and a clever enough actress to seize the opportunity and rise to the heights demanded by the script.

If one didn't know that it had originally been a stage play, it

would have become obvious by itself, due to the absence of outdoor shots. The few there were could easily have been included in the stage without the necessity of showing them physically to the audience and it says a lot for the quality of this picture that it succeeds in spite of relying entirely on dialogue for its interest.

The screen being essentially a medium for mental expression, a converted stage play can, and very, very flat if it's been unskillfully doctored and bad acting from any one of the principals of "The Moon Is Blue", in spite of the witty dialogue, would have made it sag like a tired Yorkshire pudding.

Even the localised souls who find it hard to concentrate on anything more stimulating than a musical or a western will like "The Moon Is Blue". I think. The infectious gaiety of the cast communicates itself to the audience and Maggie MacNamara's chatter is enervating rather than demoralising.

CAREERIST CLASH

In "The High And The Mighty" Robert Stack was a pilot, and now in "Sabre Jet" he takes to the air once again.

This, however, is not the story of the various characters in the aircraft he flies, but principally of the relationship between two people — Stack and his wife.

They're both careerists in their way, his is flying and hers is writing; but they don't seem to hit it off very well although both are masters of their craft. Instead of having respect for each other's interests, he seems to imagine that rather than occupying herself with something she does well during his absence in Japan and Korea, she'd be better employed sitting at home writing, while she often forgets to behave like a woman at all.

Matters are brought to a head when she flies to Japan to get first hand material for an article on the feelings and behaviour of the fliers' womenfolk.

Not considering that possibly behind her apparent news

hunting is a genuine desire to see him, the foolish fellow tries to stand on his manly dignity.

If you are at all air-minded, there'll be plenty to hold your attention in "Sabre Jet", as I gather that there are dog fights between MIGs and Sabre Jets and numerous shots of all the aspects of air warfare from conference room to actual combat.

The girl in the picture is Coleen Gray.

LISZT'S LOVE

"Par Ordre du Tsar" is a French picture based on one of the love affairs in the life of the Hungarian pianist — composer Franz Liszt.

A much travelled man, he met the Princess Caroline Sayn Wittgenstein when he was 41. She was the wife of an elderly Russian landowner who had married her for her money when she was a girl of 16.

Although they appear to have been very much in love, the affair was doomed to failure from the beginning. The Prince of Wittgenstein, though he knew all about it, would not consent to a divorce (or rather, an annulment, as the marriage was one of convenience only) in case Caroline's money escaped him, and the consequent delay year after year in their plans to marry must have given Liszt ample time to reflect on his chequered life.

He already had three children by a former liaison which had lasted nine years and after 14 years with Caroline, with no prospect of her freedom apparently imminent, he decided to go into the Church. Ironically, just as she became free to marry him, Liszt was ordained a priest and it was as the Abbe Liszt that he spent the last years of his life.

SPILLANE AGAIN

On the LEE and GREAT WORLD's screens next week will be "I, The Jury," the book of which made Mickey Spillane's name as a writer of rough brutal detective stories.

If you saw "Ring Of Fear" you saw Spillane in person, as he himself, but in "I, The Jury" his central character Mike Hammer (the detective in nearly all his whodunits) is played by someone called Bill Elliott who makes his first screen appearance in the role.



Maggie MacNamara, David Niven, Dawn Addams and William Holden in a scene from "THE MOON IS BLUE"

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30,
5.30, 7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

ROMANCE OF FRANZ LISZT, THE HUNGARIAN
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Robert Newton in

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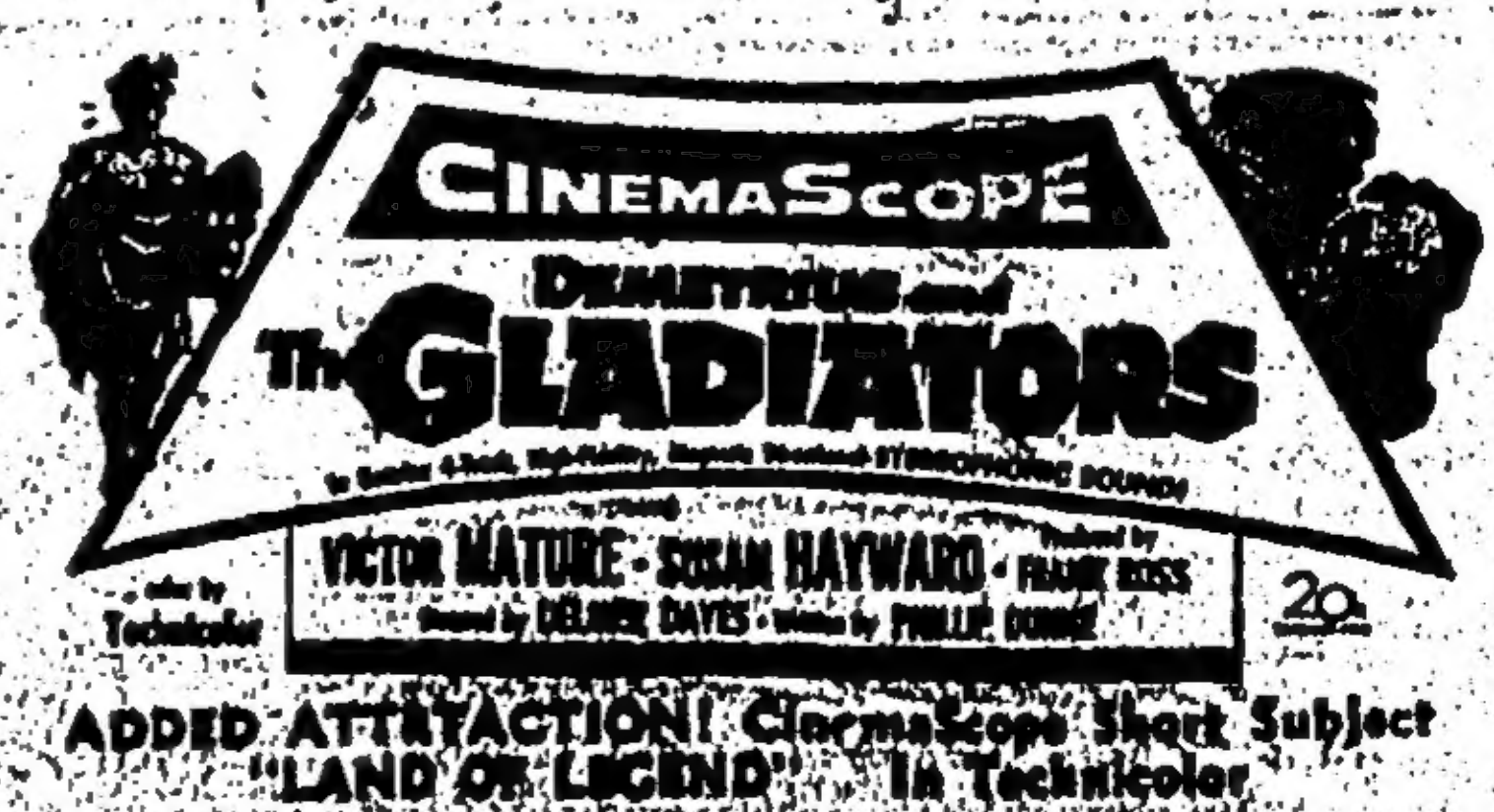
"The Moon Is Blue"

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

The Most Spectacular CinemaScope Production To Date!



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United Artists presents

JOSE YERGER

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THREE STOOGES COMEDY

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TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

Walt Disney's Technicolor Masterpiece

"PETER PAN"

AT REDUCED PRICES!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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By Popular Request —
"HAMLET"

ALHAMBRA

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Paramount presents ALAN LADD in

"WHISPERING SMITH"

Color by Technicolor

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BLUE RIBBON AWARD WINNERwith
Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

M-G-M presents the first great musical

in
CINEMA SCOPE
All NEW and in COLOR glory!

ROSE MARIE

STARRING
ANN BLYTH • HOWARD KEEL
FERNANDO LAMAS

Also: Musical Triumph "POET & PEASANT"

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M Musical Comedy

"TEXAS CARNIVAL"

with Esther WILLIAMS • Red SKELTON

in Technicolor At Reduced Prices.

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The Greatly Awaited Entertainment Event!

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &
9.30 P.M.

ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!



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At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.KALING STUDDIOS present
A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION
ANTHONY STEEL
SHEILA SIM**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.**"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"**

At Reduced Prices

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FROM COLUMBIA!COMING SOON TO
KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE**TIRED EYES**
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Don't rub your eyes when they are tired from reading, cinema, or close work. Bathe them with Optrex Eye Lotion for instant relief and lasting good eye health. Doctors approve it.

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Adventures of the Strangest Romance Ever Filmed!**HAL ROACH Presents**
GARY GRANT
BETTY BENNETT**Topper**

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Soon Spain Will Sell Wine
From Petrol Pumps!

Wine went begging at seven and a half cents a bottle in Spain last week while worried authorities wondered how to build up a national thirst.

Animals
Know How
You Feel
About Them

Montreal. Walking down William Street in downtown Montreal, a stranger is liable to look twice at the strange, jungle-like noises emanating from an apartment workshop.

You hear the bicker-like chatter of monkeys, the sharp cry of a macaw, the whistling of a min and the busy scoldings of about 300 budgie birds. Over all this you catch the sharp yaps of an aristocratic chow. Sound like a menagerie?

Well, it comes close to the accepted definition. This strange hodge-podge of birds and animals belongs to Howard Lees, a Montreal insurance salesman. He collects them chiefly for a hobby, although some of his surplus stock of prize budgies find their way to Montreal pet shops.

Has A 'Way'

Lees has a "way" with animals and birds. He maintains that animals always sense how a human feels toward them. Some people, he points out, have no use for animals, and although they may try to mask their dislike, the sharp, intuitive instinct of the animal never fails.

His genuine feeling for animals, he says, was borne out recently in New York. He strolled into a pet shop, wandered over to where a younger tiger sat watching customers come and go.

Five minutes later, says Lees, the tiger was on his lap, purring happily.

Started With Fish

Lees started his hobby with collecting gold fish. Soon he expanded to the more exotic tropical fish until his collection numbered well over 2,000. Doctors told him his fish-hobby was taking too heavy a toll on him, and Lees sold the lot. But by this time he had graduated to collecting birds and animals as well.

Lees chuckled as he recalled how he paid the doctor who recommended he sell the fish. He gave him a sooty Mangabey, more commonly known as the white-eyed monkey.

Glowful Birds

Lees' budgie stock is the envy of bird fanciers. Housed in a front room of his workshop, he chooses the more uncommon variety of bird. They are picked for their unusual colour, peculiar traits, or their pastel-coloured tones.

Lees often hears a choir "Goodbye, now" before he closes the workshop after "tucking in" his menagerie.

The farewell comes from the Indian minna bird, Tony, who acts as spokesman for the lot.—United Press.

Buffalo Bill Would Be Surprised

Edmonton. Buffalo Bill wouldn't believe his eyes today if he saw the Northern Affairs department using a helicopter to check the migratory habits of buffalo.

The herd roaming the northern part of Alberta and the southern edge of the north-west territories is the largest in North America.

In order to keep track of the animals, a department official leans out of the helicopter and squirts them with paint from a fire pump.—United Press.

There's already enough surplus wine—about 50,000,000 gallons of it—to fill every bathtub in Spain and industry sources estimate the overflow might amount to 375,000,000 gallons if there's a bumper crop this year.

Where are the thirsts of yesterday?

(1) Spaniards have switched to beer or soft drinks, blaming the change-over on price increases since pre-war days which sent a litre of wine up from one peseta, two and a half cents to three pesetas, seven and a half cents.

(2) In the last two years there have been bumper outputs. The 1948-1953 average of 400,000,000 gallons annually jumped to 850,000,000 gallons in 1953 and is still rising in 1954.

Vintners, resting on the wine-drinking tradition, never tried to raise the thirst of their customers until they saw the market running dry this year. Now they have turned to publicity in a big way.

Look At Napoleon

Advertising points out Napoleon's armies stuck to wine and missed all sorts of afflictions plaguing the local populations on their lines of march. Like army uniforms, "wine wars" in winter, cools you in summer.

In Barcelona, there is talk of selling wine from gasoline-type pumps at wayside filling stations. Research is underway to see if it is possible to make beer out of grapes. A Madrid laboratory has produced a type of light wine ale, which samples say has a "very rich" flavour.

To woo foreign trade, Spain is arranging big exhibits of Spanish wines abroad. At one, in Frankfurt next month, free samples of the Spanish product will be given away.

One Solution

Dealers in wines, though, say they are convinced that there is only one long-range solution to the problem—only one way to dam the overflow of wine from

barrels, hogskins and huge underground vaults. That is to encourage the Spaniards, who have never been troubled by alcoholism as have some of their neighbours in Europe, to drink more steadily.

By French standards, wine dealers say, the Spaniards are rather moderate in their drinking habits. The annual consumption in France is 25 gallons per person. In Spain it is about 12 gallons per person.

The Government has stepped into the picture by ordering that no new land be given over to vineyards. To protect owners of vineyards now in production the Government has agreed to buy wine crops that cannot be sold. As one official of a wine distributing firm said, in a sober appraisal of the problem, "Spain must find customers to drink up the surplus."—United Press.

300-Year Old
Painting
Comes To Life

Toronto. They'd did Toronto art lovers a favour last May when they stole Reuben's \$30,000 painting, the Elevation of the Cross, from the city art gallery.

Because of the theft, the 300-year-old painting is undergoing a complete restoration, recapturing the original quality of the masterpiece.

Art lovers are in for a surprise when they see the lightened tones replacing the heavy contours of previous restoration jobs.

The restoration work by Edward Zukowski, who studied in Vienna and came to Canada two years ago, has revealed several large stones were painted in by later hands. It has also shown that the original paint applied by Peter Paul Reubens in the 17th century was of a lighter tone.

During its long history, the painting has been subjected to many restorations with the application of countless layers of paint and protective varnish. This left heavy contours and, for some restorers, finding it easier to paint in whole areas rather than match colours, darkened the foreground grass.

TWO COATS

The summer-long restoration job calls for two coats of varnish as well as a retouching job. The 27 in. by 62 in. painting should be ready for exhibition in the autumn.

The painting was stolen last May after being removed from its frame. Later it was found slightly damaged, near the Parliament buildings. No theft motive has ever been established. The famed Flemish artist intended the painting as a sketch for engravings from an altar floor he was doing. He painted the Elevation of the Cross on paper and backed it with three thicknesses of linen. Two of the old linen backings have since been taken off and a fresh one substituted.

The painting depicts Christ being raised on the Cross. It was acquired by the art gallery in 1928.—United Press.

Tinned Fish At This
Seaside Resort!

Gaspé, Quebec. Seafood is to world-famous Gaspé Peninsula what coal is to Newcastle, but the chances are you'd find fresh lobsters prepared more attractively out on the Prairies than you do in this tourist mecca.

Even though Gaspé, which juts out on to the Atlantic, does millions of dollars of business catering to American and Canadian tourists, its people haven't learned the art of cooking fish delicacies much to the consternation of visitors.

The fish served to tourists in hotels along the coast comes either from live or refrigerated plants, even though the sea is only a few blocks away.

An American visitor recently asked for "lobster à la Cardinal." What he got was a mush of canned lobsters with canned mushrooms thrown over a piece of dry toast. Some odd language, a waitress explained, but that's the way they do it here. The fish is

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"When I see a hat I'm crazy about, I buy it quickly—then it doesn't tempt me any more!"

A Ghostly Silence
Descends
On Paris Traffic

Paris, Friday. Paris motorists have abstained from honking their horns for two weeks now and you wouldn't believe it unless you heard it with your own ears. Or rather didn't hear it. Hardly a beep, "toot" or plaintive "ah-ooga" rises from the streets, once known as the noisiest in the world.

L'Etoile, the big roundabout where eight avenues converge into the Arch of Triumph, is strangely quiet. The quiet is not perfect, however. In place of the car-splitting horns, a new noise has emerged. It is the screech of tyres, the tinkling of glass, the crunching of fenders.

Police Prefect, M. Andre Dubois said the collision rate hasn't increased. It's only easier to hear them now. Indeed, he said, accidents are fewer. Deprived of their horns, Paris motorists are more careful.

Cars used to stream into L'Etoile from eight directions like atoms in an enormous cyclotron. A motorist has to rely on his courage, his luck and an unbroken horn-blast to get himself out.

Blew A Bugle. M. Dubois believes the usually truculent drivers have recalled the only way to avert carnage is to drive slower.

A few practical jokers have given police some trouble since the ban went into effect on August 1. The driver of a Citroen rolled down his window and threw a cowbell at a slow-moving pedestrian. Another motorist blew a bugle charge to get a group of Arabs out of his path.

Thinking that horn blowing like narcotics, was a Parisian habit that would take a long time to cure, police have given motorists a 15-day period of grace to get used to the new era of silence. Beginning last Sunday, backsliders risked a fine of 1,200 francs (\$214-00).

A special police division of 20 cars and 40 motor-cycles has been mobilized to handle a unique problem arising from the horn ban. A survey has shown that 80 per cent of Paris motorists drive in the middle of the street. Without a horn it is impossible to pass.

No Horns, So Fists. The special officers are assigned to get motorists over to the right side of the street and keep them there. Offenders will be fined.

To some the adjustment has been difficult. Two motorists, their horns condemned to silence, Press.

KING'S PRINCESS

★ NEXT CHANGE ★



The demand is for
WHITE HORSE
of course!

Smoothness, flavour and fragrance are qualities well understood by the true judge of this superb Scotch Whisky. . . . Have you tried it?

Sole Importers: Gordon Matheson & Co. Ltd.
Hong Kong

Hear these Latest
by
PHILIPS

"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN"
Toni Arden

"THERE'LL BE NO TEAR DROPS TONIGHT"
Tony Bennett

"GYPSY LOU"
Champ Butler

"I SPEAK TO THE STARS"
Doris Day

At All Leading Dealers Now

HOOVER SHOWING TO-DAY
2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30

THE PICTURE EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT!

THE MOON BLUE

WILLIAM HOLDEN
DAVID NIVEN
MAGGIE McNAMARA

Special Sunday Morning Matinee at 12 Noon
ABBOT and COSTELLO in "GO TO MARS"
Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

SHOWING TO-DAY
STAR

AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

A NEW MASTERPIECE OF LAUGHTER AND TEARS FROM THE MASTER OF COMEDY!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LIMELIGHT

DINE WITH
HOLDEN AND McNAMARA

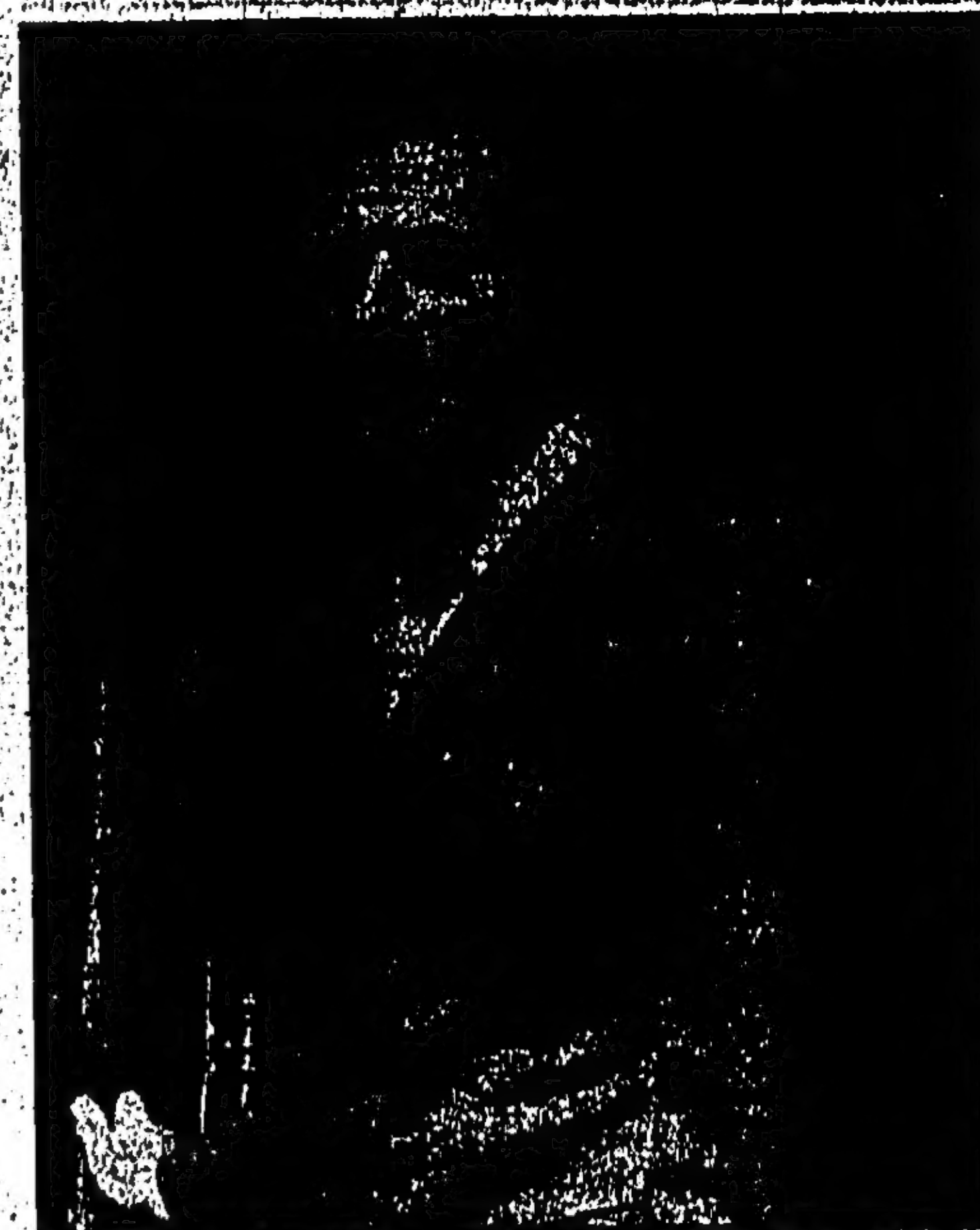
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, the film actress, is greeted by her film actor husband, Michael Wilding, on her arrival at London Airport from New York. She wears a Spanish style pillbox hat with a bead fringe. Michael Wilding has been visiting his parents in England. (Express)



BALLERINA Molra Shearer appeared in her first acting part in the production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the eighth Edinburgh Festival. She took the part of the fairy queen Titania. Picture shows a scene from the £15,000 production. (Express)



A close friend of Princess Margaret, whose name has been the subject of romantic rumours, 39-year-old Group Captain Peter Townsend, Britain's Air Attache in Brussels. He dodges publicity but is here caught by a cameraman, for all that, during a flying trip to London. (Express)



LEFT: Pakistan Test cricketer Maqsood Ahmed leaves St Marylebone Register Office with his bride, Patricia Jean Clowes, a school teacher from Stoke-on-Trent. They met two years ago when Maqsood was playing in Stourport League cricket. (Express)



RIGHT: Sally Ann Vivian, 23-year-old daughter of Lord Vivian, and Robin Lowe, son of film star John Loder, who were secretly married in London recently. Sally Ann, a model, plans to continue her career. (Express)

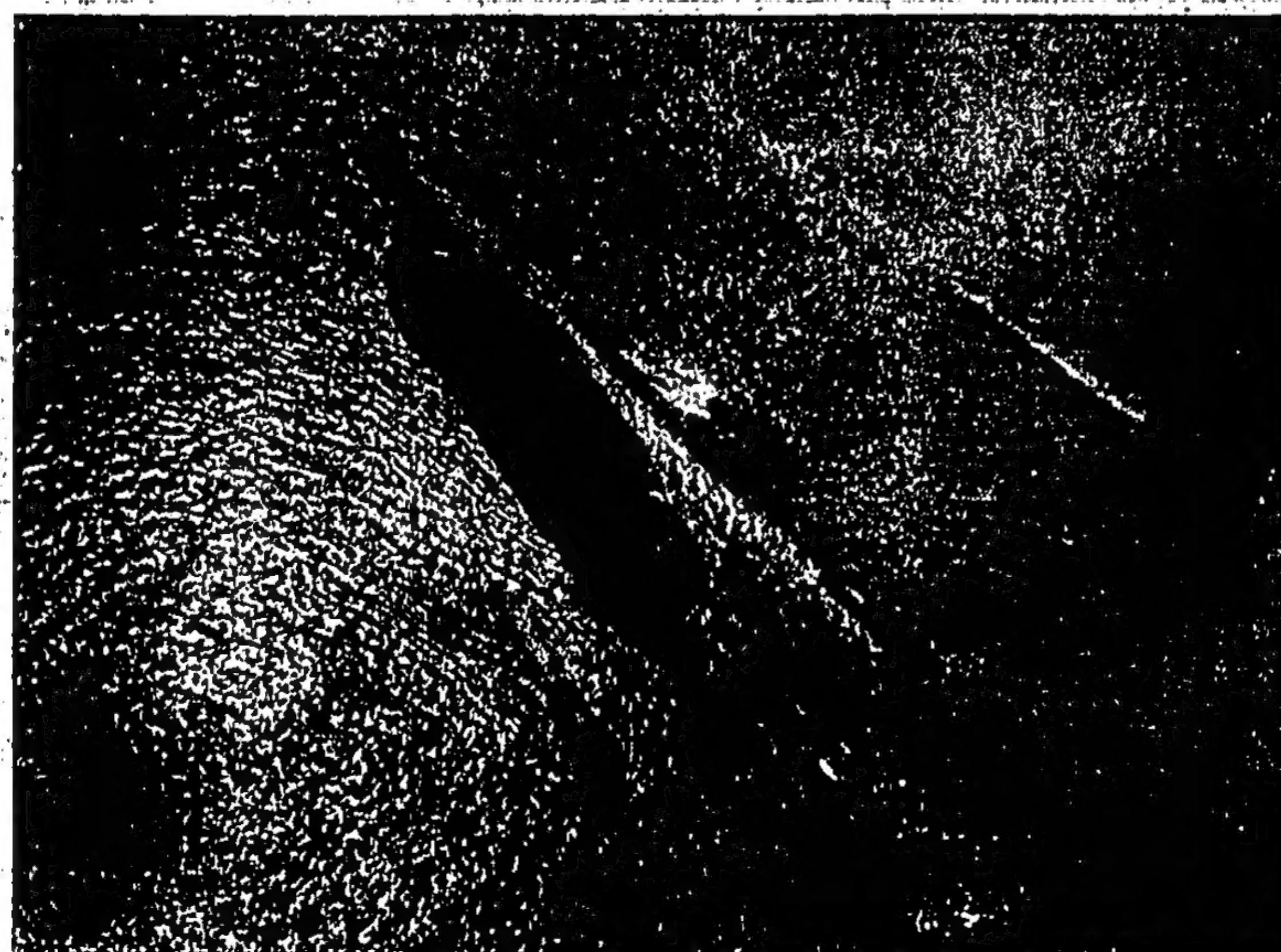


ACTRESS Jackie Lane, wearing pale blue shantung encrusted with shells, arrives for the gala premiere of "Rose Marie" at the Empire, Leicester Square. (Express)



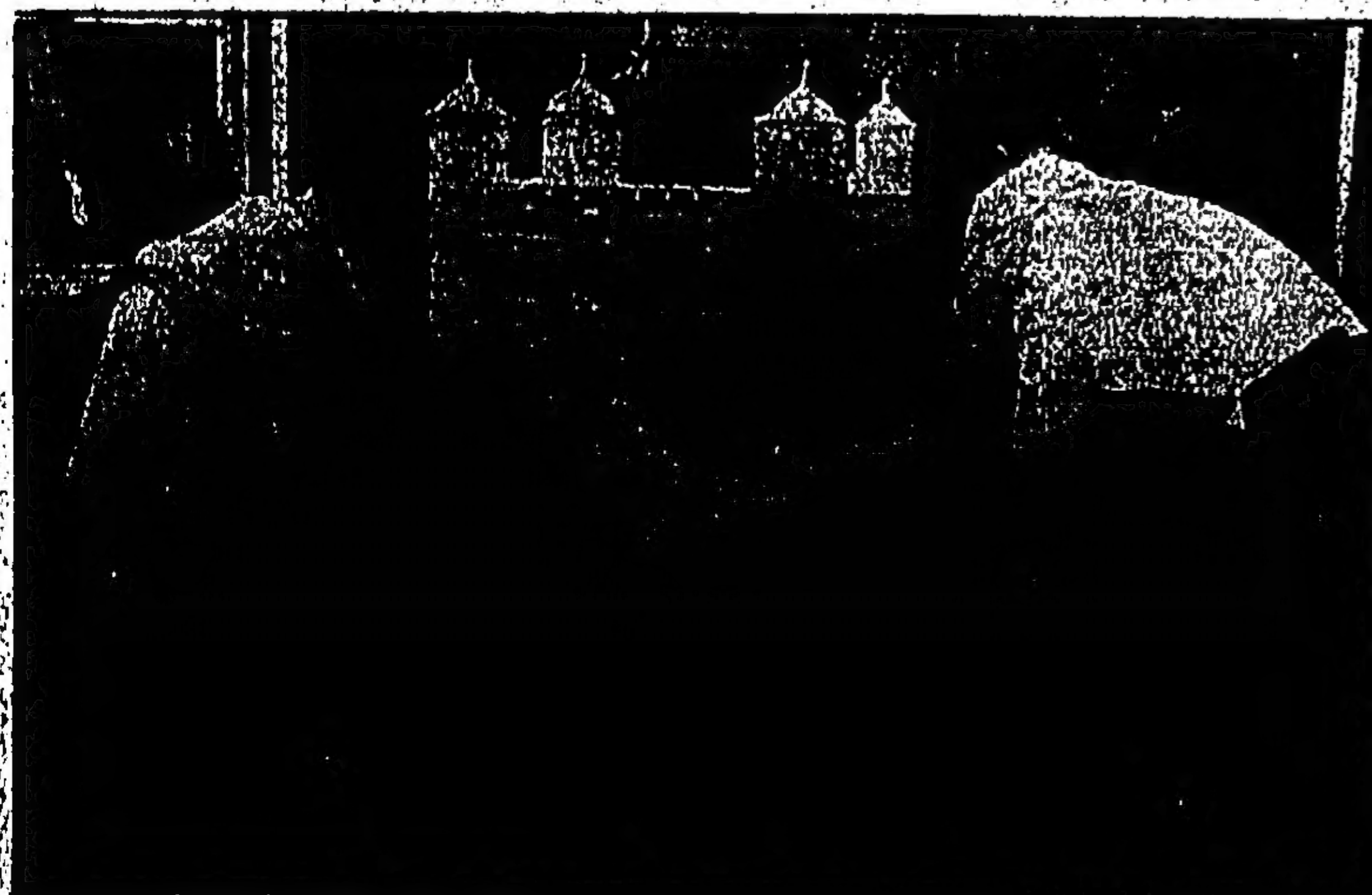
ACTOR Dermot Walsh and his actress wife, Hazel Court, carry sausages and chops for the barbecue which they gave recently at their country home in Kent. (Express)

BELOW: Children help to push the 600 lb cake, made in the shape of the White Tower of the Tower of London, when it arrived at Olympia for the British Food Fair. (Express)



LADY RATHDONNELL, who paints under her maiden name, Pamela Drew, is doing a portrait of the Queen. In her early forties, she was comparatively unknown until a work of hers, a Coronation scene, was bought by Sir David Eccles last year. Lord Rathdonnell breeds cattle in Ireland. (Express)

TO the mournful farewell of ships' sirens, the burned-out hulk of the 20,000-ton former luxury liner, Empress of Canada, leaves Liverpool for Spezia, Italy, and the breakers' yard. She was wrecked by fire 19 months ago and has been sold for scrap. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



IDENTITY
HIDDEN
1964

MUST NATO DISAPPEAR?

By James Wickenden

LONDON. Will Churchill have to face the sacrifice of the Entente Cordiale with France to gain an ally in a free armed Germany? Will Eden have to watch France wrecking NATO and then build a new Western alliance including Germany but excluding France?

These and other grave questions may eventually have to be answered, it is believed in London.

For beneath the diplomatic bustle three rock-hard facts obstruct British and American efforts to free Germany and arm her.

One: The French Assembly still have the veto to stop German freedom and also to prevent her joining NATO.

Two: Although Mendes-France may be persuaded to line up with British-American policy, all signs show that the French Assembly — after turning down EDC — will not agree to German rearmament.

Three: Communist propaganda for a Russo-French pact on disarmament is likely to gain more support in France. Should Eden and Dulles put firm pressure on France to agree with them on Germany, there is the chance of France being politically torn apart by the Communists.

Legal Tangle

The legal tangle begins with the Bonn Conventions.

Only when they are put into effect can the control of France, Britain and America be removed from the occupied zones of Germany. Only then can Germany in fact begin to be free.

If fiercely arguing deputies of the French Assembly refused to ratify the Bonn Conventions, Churchill and Eisenhower could not put them into effect. Even if Britain and America gave Germany partial sovereignty and arms within their zones, the result would be an even more divided Germany — with the French zone still hamstrung and occupied.

This situation is officially described as "inconceivable." But it is possible.

Even should the French deputies ratify the Bonn Conventions, Germany cannot come into NATO without unanimous ratification or agreement of the other 14 member states.

Again the French Assembly could veto this — by excluding Germany.

New Alliance

So for Britain and America to bring Germany into a Western alliance, it would mean dissolving NATO to bypass French objections. A completely new European alliance would then have to be formed, including Germany but leaving out France.

No one here considers this as anything but a nightmare possibility.

The idea of an alliance without France is against all probability. Yet, it is the logical choice which France may yet drive her allies to make by her lone stand against the opinion of all the Western world.

This is the kind of thing which Churchill and Eisenhower may yet have to face in the case of their present or future governments.

Against this gloomy background, Eden's policy is now being put into effect.

Britain still stands by the results of the British-American study group. The aim is to ratify the Bonn Conventions as soon as possible through diplomatic exchanges at present going on between the occupying powers. Eden is also negotiating direct with Adenauer.

Secondly, there are to be the nine-power talks in London, to discuss German rearmament and alliance with the West.

Behind these discussions it is understood that Britain and the USA are working out methods of giving Germany more sovereignty than the Bonn Conventions allow — and of returning Germany, even if France does not agree.

Head-on Clash

This means that Eden and Dulles are likely to exert the strongest pressure they can on France in the coming months to avoid a head-on clash between the allies.

But there will be delay. The French Assembly has gone into recess until the end of the year. The British Parliament also will not be back until mid-October.

The delay imposed by these facts is welcomed in London, for it is thought that it will give Mendes-France a chance of organizing support for another version of the European idea, including Germany.

But as all the parties except the Communists were split in half over EDC there is little optimism in London that the Assembly will later agree over the more controversial issue of armed Germany which is also free.

AQUITTALS are occasionally applauded, and acquitted persons sometimes held in good esteem. But seldom, indeed, do prisoners, before they have been tried, acquire the status of universal favourites — commended and admired and even hero-worshipped for the very deeds that have brought them to the dock.

Such, however, was the joint experience of Dr Leander Jameson and his associates while they awaited trial in London on a criminal charge during the summer of 1896. What had made them idols of the public?

They were unquestionably gallant. They were unquestion-

ably brave. They were able and audacious in colonial exploitation (Dr Jameson himself was chief administrator of the African lands now known as Southern Rhodesia, then under protection of a British Chartered Company); and this quality excited quick response from an England re-infected with imperialist zeal.

They had brought their popularity to a new and sudden peak by crossing the Transvaal frontier at the head of an armed band with the object of supporting British residents in Johannesburg "in their extremity" under Boer rule. That raid had neither official sanction nor practical success, and its captured leaders were handed over for trial by their own countrymen.

Failure, though, only made the exploit more romantic. To the public these men were a reincarnation of the Elizabethans, from whom every Englishman's conception of his national

character is—consciously or unconsciously—derived.

What, then, had made them the quarry of the law?

They had planned a military expedition with the object of invading the territory of a friendly state. They had executed the plan and mounted the expedition. They had actively participated in it.

The three questions

THE romantic nature of their enterprise did not arise. To the law, strangely, men were ordinary transgressors who had violated the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act.

There could not have been a clearer or more violent clash between the demands of public opinion and the demands of

legal process. This clash was fully reflected in the court. The facts proved by the Crown were overwhelming and unanswerable; guilt was proved to the very hilt. But all around sat a tense, expectant crowd, impatient of the facts, indifferent to proof, paying mute homage to the prisoners and eager to acclaim the moment of their liberation.

The testimony was over. The speeches had been made. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, carefully scrutinised the jury he was to direct.

The prospect did not leave his mind wholly at ease. He knew that they were drawn from the same community as the demagogues, the strident partisans, the ordinary transgressors who had violated the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Formerly as counsel, he had endured first-hand experience of

how emotion in a court may disturb and displace judgment—when his client, Mr Maybrick, against the weight of evidence, was convicted of murder through popular dislike. If he could help it, the position would not now be reversed, and the men accused, against the weight of evidence, acquitted of a lesser crime through popular regard.

He looked appraisingly along the jury-box again. There could only be one finding on the facts. But asked for a straight verdict—guilty or not guilty?—could they have relied upon to arrive at it by reference to the facts? Or would they take advantage of their widely defined province to ignore or reject the prompting of their heads and return the verdict most welcome to their hearts?

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Jury were angry

THE jury could not do so, as they already began to be aware. They had been first puzzled, then suspicious, finally down-right angry. It was one thing to come back with a general verdict of acquittal which might have been reached in a score of different ways. It was another to come back with negative answers to these questions, nine of which could be so answered on the evidence.

They remained out for an hour. Upon their return they solemnly announced that they answered to these questions, none the affirmative.

"Very well," said the Lord Chief Justice briskly. "That amounts to a verdict of guilty, which you will now find against all the defendants."

It was no more than elementary logic that it evoked a ripple of dismay from the packed public benches, and from the jury an immediate resistance.

"My Lord," said the foreman, who was still upon his feet. "We have thought fit, in answering these questions, to append a rider in the following words: 'The jury consider that the state of affairs in Johannesburg presented great provocation.'"

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"My Lord, I wish to say—"

"I cannot at this moment allow any interposition."

"I am calling your Lordship's attention—"

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A murmur of applause was not suppressed; it died. The shouts of ushers were never heard.

Next Saturday:
A German sues an MP for fraud... In 1917.

HOW TO ANALYSE HANDWRITING . . . PART THREE

ROUNDED AND ANGULAR LETTERS SHOW DIFFERING TEMPERAMENTS

By "SCRIBBLER"

AT school we are all taught to write a rounded script as it is easier for young hands to produce, and is the nearest approach to "copy-book writing."

However, in the process of growing up many of the rounded formations usually take on an angular appearance, until pointed letters take the place of school-days' rounded letters. These changes occur unconsciously as the person's mind and his activities develop.

On the other hand, many adults still continue to write a rounded script, and there is a difference of temperament between these

the lead before she voices her own views.

When angular capital letters appear in a script that is otherwise composed of rounded formations, it shows that, while he or she has a gentle soul underneath the surface, the writer is inclined to "put on act" and assume an aggressive outward manner.

Rounded script with some angular formations in the small letters discloses a person with some shrewdness of mind, and more spirit of independence than the person with a strictly rounded script.

There's a river called the river of no return. Sometimes it's peaceful

EXAMPLE ONE

and the people who use angular letters.

Basically, a rounded script reveals a co-operative person who likes to share with others. This person is malleable and impressionable.

Example 1 is an excellent example of round script written by a young woman. It shows that she is innocent enough to believe anything she is told, and even a mediocre salesman can sell her anything he pleases. Her easy-going attitude towards such things is characteristic of her good-natured personality, and, of course, she makes friends readily.

This young woman is not assertive and is likely to wait for someone to lead

When rounded handwriting is made with very large formations, it shows a person of non-assertive character. This writer does not have strong personal opinions; yet at the same time he possesses the tendency to close in his mind against anything which he thinks is too much of a departure from the accustomed routine of living. This resistance is due to caution and hesitancy and not to an unco-operative spirit.

Rounded script with small formation shows that the writer has a precise and careful mind. He is able to do fine work, besides possessing the loyal and co-operative traits which belong to the rounded handwriting.

The person who writes with an angular formation shows his competitive spirit and critical mind. His independence makes him undertake plans, and he carries them through on his own.

The person who dislikes being in a subordinate position—whether in business or personal matters—shows his strong personality and ambition in his angular writing, which has a very heavy pen pressure and large letter formations.

Angular handwriting that is very small and clear shows the attitude of a specialist—the person who wants to do one or two things well and to concentrate on them until a correct solution has been reached. This person takes nothing for granted. He is willing to get down to fundamentals to analyze each idea as it is expounded.

Angular handwriting which contains distinctive letter formations—especially capital letters which are highly original—and has a tendency to be irregular in its appearance, is indicative of a person who has a driving force, who will not be content to routine and is often goaded on by emotions. His personality is vital and often contradictory, and his spirit is competitive. This writer is too often insufficiently relaxed, and is unable to concentrate on the goals for which he strives.

The purely angular writing—one that is devoid of curves and rounded edges—signifies austerity. This writer is cold

and haughty and will resist sternly any attempts to influence his decisions or way of life.

Sometimes you will come across writing that is a combination of round and angular lettering. The letters "m" and "n" will resemble "w" and "v". This kind of writing shown in EXAMPLE 2 shows a love of pleasure and a desire for ease and luxury. It may be that the writer has little or no luxuries, but the desire is still there.

The writer in this case is a young man who, if he had the means, would be a playboy, even though he uses his mind

and energies in productive work. The writer has a great deal of charm and tact, and the roundness of his writing reveals his co-operativeness. These traits greatly assist him in his job, which entails meeting a large number of different people each day.

Writing that has many fancy flourishes and ornate formations discloses a certain amount of vanity. EXAMPLE 1 shows a certain amount of flourish, and this suggests an attempt to attract attention and display the writer's personal charms.

People who write with flourishes are extremely self-centered, often quite selfish and invariably conceited.

Flourishes that are complicated—that is, where the

lines twine around and become lost within each other—show a suave and subtle disposition. This writer will appear coolly detached and reserved most of the time, and if he is not absolutely certain of the person he is talking to he will watch him with evident distrust and caution. A certain amount of cunning and slyness must be watched out for, too. He is likely to be quite artful and deceitful if he feels that he can get away with something.

Pronounced mental and physical activity is seen in a script written with flourishes that resemble flashes of lightning. In all probability the writer will be small, spry and

fundamental manner

EXAMPLE TWO

very quick-witted. His glibness will aid him in his business and social activities, but people who do not know him very well may think him rather off-hand.

Flourishes that take on unusual shapes in words indicate that the writer is a strong individualist. He will insist that things be done in his way or the way to which he has become accustomed. He will hate new systems and will fight them tooth and nail, and even when defeated, will complain about them.

The artistic or poetic person will print his letters so that they appear to have been typed. This type of writing reveals good taste and originality, and a refined nature that loathes anything coarse and unwholesome.



Lord Russell suddenly leaned forward, exerting the full weight of his powerful personality. "I therefore direct you," he said, "to return a verdict of guilty."

HONOUR AT STAKE

No. 4

THE GUILTY WERE HEROES

With guns, they had crossed the borders of a friendly state. In the eyes of the English public they were romantic adventurers . . . but the law had to draw a different picture

by Edgar Lustgarten

legal process. This clash was fully reflected in the court. The facts proved by the Crown were overwhelming and unanswerable; guilt was proved to the very hilt. But all around sat a tense, expectant crowd, impatient of the facts, indifferent to proof, paying mute homage to the prisoners and eager to acclaim the moment of their liberation.

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Next Saturday:
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one-half so effective as a single grim glance from Lord Russell of Killowen.

He leaned back in his chair. "That is a most unhappy state of things," he said. "These questions, answered as they are, amount to a verdict of guilty. They are capable of no other construction." He suddenly leaned forward, exerting the full weight of his powerful personality. "I therefore direct you to return a verdict of guilty."

He waited, eyes upon them. More whispering ensued. When the foreman spoke, his head was bowed as if in shame.

"My Lord, we are unanimous. We find the prisoners guilty . . ."

So were Dr Jameson and his friends, called to account in defiance of sentiment, but in obedience to law. Their punishment—18 months for Jameson—less terms for others—caused an even greater shock than their conviction: admirers had assumed that, at worst, they would be bound over.

But opinion was modified by time. "When I tried them," Lord Russell remarked to a friend in 1900, with the Boer War well into his stride, "people said I was too hard upon them. Now people say that I was not hard enough."

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



★ Knocking over public idols
is no way to become popular

Joe Beckett

plays golf...and minds his own business

★ He thrashed a
crack American

by
George
Whiting

NO boxer was ever more roundly booed than Joe Beckett. The things we called him when Georges Carpentier knocked him out in one round—for the second time—would fill a whole book of obscenities.

Beckett should worry. At 60, he is a contented man, savouring quietly but to the full the ripe fruits of shrewd investments in the "best part" of his native Southampton.

Golf, billiards, his family, caravan holiday, and minding his own business...these are the retirement occupations of the swarthy, sensitive heavy-weight whose left hook took him from the booth to the championship of his country.

Sensitive? Certainly. The Beckett I knew was a man to be admired for the way he took life by the scruff of the neck—and piled for the shyness, interlocking complex, and moderate social equipment that were his when his pugilistic endowments pushed him into headlines and big money.

Beckett began by sweeping fairground punches with his brother George, and that rough and ready apprenticeship was about the only schooling he ever had until he joined the Army in the 1914-18 war.

But Old Soberasides has come through—with a good deal more credit than many a Beau Brummell who strutted around for cheers while Beckett was rating cat-calls.

Rocksize chip

Joe started off on the "wrong" foot by taking the championship away from that handsome, long-chinned, incipiently and unprecise during of the British night crowds, bombardier Billy Wells.

Knocking over public idols is no way to become popular, and it was with rocksize chip on his broad shoulder that the reticent, intricate Beckett left-hooped his way to good money with short-shit, it was over for own Harry Curzon, Harry Reeve, Roy McCormick, Frank Goodard and Dick Smith, Australia's George Cook, America's Eddie McGahey and Frank Moran, and an interim world champion, Tommy Burns (whom he also fought, unofficially and with ease this, on a staircase in a Leeds hotel).

Let it be fully described a capricious public as "a huge sized monster of ingratitude."

It is Beckett's misfortune to be catalogued in light history as the man whose second defeat by Curzon gave birth to the now ancient joke about the spectator who stopped to pick up his hat and missed the fight. That punchy howl shocked us dumb—until we found tongue to howl our mortification.

But time mellow memories. For me, Beckett stands today as the British boxer who picked himself off the floor to inflict the biggest thrashing ever handed to a crack American heavyweight in Britain.

Frank Moran, of Pittsburgh, never really recovered from what Beckett did to him on the night of October 12, 1922, at the Royal Albert Hall. Come to that, Beckett himself was in no great shape afterwards. It was that kind of a fight.

Our mistake

Moran, a lumbering, sandy-haired six-footer with an infectious grin—the very antithesis of the grim Beckett—was an ex-sailor who studied dentistry at the University of Pittsburgh. Until, at 23, he decided in favour of a more remunerative way of removing the teeth of his fellow men.

Nobody had taken much notice of him when he first went to London to knock out Dan Cowler and Fred Starbeck—but that was our mistake. Within two years he had travelled 20 rounds with Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world; and, later, given Jess Willard a run for his money over ten.

In both of these fights Moran had used to good effect a round-house right swing which he christened Mary Ann. When Mary Ann kisses them, they die," he declared, and the quip was duly quoted. Mary Ann became famous, and Joe Beckett was one of the first to make "her" very dangerous acquaintance when, in 1920, Moran knocked him out in the second round.

Two years later—time enough for Beckett's reputation to be re-established with wins over Roy McCormick and George Cook—came the return, with the Albert Hall jam-packed to see a Mary Ann was still potent at the ripe age of 35. Beckett was 28—but three inches shorter, 22lb. lighter, and six inches the loser in reach.

Reprieved

Referee M. J. Dwyer gave his usual "no nonsense" instructions, stepped back, and the fight was on. Over came Mary Ann, right at the start, aimed circumspectly at Beckett's scowl. Nothing doing. Beckett stepped inside of Moran's long and raking arm and stayed put with body punches until such time as the referee called him off.

Then it is in Beckett's eyes from a straight left to the nose, and an audible cry of "On, so that's the game!" from Moran as the effronied Beckett hooked his redoubtable left. Honours even.

"Round two was the busiest three minutes I ever had," recalls Beckett.

That is the way it looked. Beckett seeking close quarters



★ Family man Joe Beckett proudly holds his three-month-old grandson at his home in Southampton.

to the better effect of his shorter arms—and also to avoid any caresses from Mary Ann—jabbed mightily to the body to persuade Moran to lower his guard, then hooked upwards with his left. From puny to front door, as we uncouth ringers used to say.

Moran stepped back with his fair face flushed with blood from a cut eyebrow, and a plum-like swelling on his right cheek.

Moran, mad as a hatter, clinched and rushed Beckett to the ropes. Beckett tucked under a left lead, swayed, and shot a right to the body that sent his open-mouthed opponent staggering down the ropes to the floor.

"Foul!" yelled Moran's seconds as they leapt. Dwyer put up the timekeeper's count over their writhing, pain-shot principal.

At "seven," Moran made as if to rise, the count ceased, then Moran sank back again, and for a breathless instant the crowd paused in its pandemonium.

The referee turned towards Beckett, now listening with obvious apprehension to the tremulous demands for his "new punch" qualification.

But there was no disqualification—and no knock-out. The bell reprieved us all.

Low punch or no low punch, Moran put the one-punch rest to good account. Beckett had Beckett kicked his head behind him before Moran was upon him, impeded by burning anger across the full diagonal of the ring.

A left sizzled past Beckett's right ear, a right crashed into his ribs, and down went Joe on

● The wounds of a fierce battle are healed and the sensitive heavy-weight lives quietly in retirement in his native Southampton.

one knee, not two feet from his corner. Moran towered above, the rest of that round we had a rally of savage no-quarter fighting that made Kilkenney cut look like turfs. I have seen nothing fiercer in the ring than those two minutes of thrust and bust.

Round Four—and they were at their cave-man stuff again. Who cared in that rapturous crowd that some of the punishment was being dished out with wrist, forearm and head instead of knuckles? This was fighting...Pier Six shenanigans...value for money. Who's worried about blood?

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master of boxing strategy, Ted Broadbent, to bang with his fists on the ring platform and leave in Beckett's left ear: "Get up, Joe. Get up. You've got him licked."

All this in eight tense seconds, at the end of which Beckett—the Beckett some fools had labelled quiter—made a supreme effort and regained his feet to grab the frustrated Moran in a brotherly embrace. By the time the referee had hauled them apart, Beckett had recovered his abounding belligerence.

Another Moran right-hander toppled him over before the end of that terrific fourth round, but this time Beckett was up immediately, punching furiously and creating red havoc on his rival's face.

At the end of the round, the round in which he had come within two seconds of winning the fight, Moran was backpedalling—and top-class American heavyweights do not box backward unless they are in very real trouble.

Beckett now became an executioner, conscious that Moran's power to hurt him was gradually being sapped by a rain of punishment that lacerated his face, closed his eyes, and expelled the air from his lungs.

By round seven Mary Ann was a slapping old lady, swept aside as Beckett ripped in with every punch he ever learned from fairground upwards. But through it all a gallant and practically defenceless Moran grinned a ghastly kind of acknowledgment

Where are
the Kings of
the Ring
today?—7

of the storm he was so pathetically trying to ride.

Beckett looked swiftly at the referee, plainly seeking permission to cease his bombardment of an opponent bereft of all means of self-protection.

But no answering glance was his—until another right-hand smash brought blood from Moran's mouth to join the stream from his eye.

That was the end. After 90 seconds of round seven Dwyer stepped between them as the beaten-up, half-blind Moran groped round the ring to find the man whose fists had brought him to this battered, mis-shapen state.

Champagne

Beckett helped him to his corner, then walked quickly back to his own headquarters to grab the bottle of champagne he had stored there against the need for stimulant.

Crossing the ring again, he thrust the bottle into Moran's hands. Peace, and good fellowship, had been well and truly declared.

Those six-and-a-half rounds of assault and battery cost both men the fine edge of their form. Moran had only one more fight—a 15 rounds hammering from Marcel Nilles in Paris.

"That fight virtually finished the pair of us," says Beckett. "Moran dealt me some terrific punches to the body and head, for months afterwards I had a gathering in my left ear as a result of Frank's 'Mary Ann.' Three times I had to have the ear lanced."

"The body punishment also affected me severely, and I can truthfully say that I was never properly fit again."

But the wounds are healed. Joe Beckett is content.

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THE GOLF CUP WITH A CURSE ON IT

By Tom Eyton

ARE you superstitious? You know what I mean, being afraid of black cats and Friday the Thirteenth. Of course, everybody knows that it's all nonsense. Well, whoever heard of anything quite so stupid as throwing salt all over the place and walking into the road rather than under a ladder!

But it is not advisable to say all this to any of the golfers at Folkestone, a pretty English, seaside resort. You see they believe that one of their trophies, a silver cup bought in Hongkong, has a curse on it.

COLONEL'S GIFT

A colonel chap who had been in Hongkong wanted to present his club with a handsome challenge cup which could be played for each year. He found a little shop which, promised to make the silver cup for him at a reasonable price. This cup was very much to his liking. It was decorated

with mandarins and delicately carved maidens, and the handles were in the shape of grinning dragons.

The shopkeeper told him that the silver had been stolen from a Chinese temple. But being a soldier, and a colonel at that, he didn't believe in curses and evil spells, so he thought no more about it.

He little knew at the time how Folkestone golfers would hate that cup in later years.

Naturally the golfers were pleased when the colonel presented his silver cup to the club. It was just the thing to decorate any home—something uncommon, yet distinguished. In short, a prize worth winning.

But alas, superstition that the legacy of yore was destined to reap its harvest of misfortune, was not slow to

winners of the trophy were to have a bad time while the cup was in their possession.

One businessman went bankrupt shortly after winning the cup, and a greater tragedy came when another winner went blind a few months after the cup had been in his home.

CUP OF TRAGEDY

The cup was known as the "Hongkong Cup" but it was later to be called the cup of tragedy.

A first class golfer broke his arm after winning the competition. He could never play golf again. A young married couple were delighted when their husband won the cup. It was just the thing to add to the new home. But alas, the husband was never to see it again.

home. Six months later they were divorced.

The long arm of coincidence was stretching out as if it were made of elastic.

Another winner laughed when his fellow golfers shook their heads as he prepared to take the cup home. They are perhaps envious of my success, he thought. He sneered at what he called "superstitious nonsense." Three months later he had changed his mind. One day he stormed into the club and gave the cup back.

Two weeks after winning the trophy he slipped and almost fell under a bus. A few days later his wife wasn't so lucky. She was knocked down by a motor car and was never to see the cup again.

The cup has not been played for since. And that was six years ago. You see, nobody wants the "Hongkong Cup."

The club's pro, a shrewd little man, not generally giving to worrying about little demons and the like, is also afraid of the cup. His uncle looked after the trophy during the 1948 competition. He died while the game was being played.

One winner wouldn't have anything to do with the cup. So a steward, made of sterner stuff, took it home. He kept it in his bedroom for safety. After all, it was worth well over £100. The steward fell ill, and died a few days later.

IN TWO PIECES

After the 1948 episode the cup was placed in an attic. Six months ago it was taken down by mistake, and found in two pieces.

Now the club's pro, a shrewd little man, not generally giving to worrying about little demons and the like, is also afraid of the cup. His uncle looked after the trophy during the 1948 competition. He died while the game was being played.



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THE BIG SPENDERS

Tales from the tables... analysing the men who bet in fortunes... just for the thrill of it!

BLUE cigar smoke lies like lend over the green tables and even the ivory faces of the croupiers begin to sag. Outside, the southern sun is beginning to finger the casino roof.

But the men round the table still clutch and glare at their cards with a tireless passion. It is still yesterday to them.

These are the big gamblers. They are not the regular casino players—mostly women—who reach hungrily for the chips with hands like turkey's feet.

Those people play only for small stakes. No one can play for big stakes consistently over a long period.

The big casinos of Cannes, Monte Carlo, Deauville, divide their clients into three categories, the High, the Medium, the Low.

The Low gamblers are the casuals, the holiday-makers, the £1-a-stake players, who may win or lose up to £100.

The Medium gamblers are the regulars, who may win or lose £1,000 a week.

But the High gamblers... they may lose £10,000 in a night.

Gambling on the tables has none of the spectacle and cheering thrill of a horse-race. It has none of the feeling of intelligent anticipation or inside information with which the stock market operator warms himself. It has not even the personality-clash of good poker.

Born gamblers

THE very rich sometimes gamble through yawning boredom. But most of the men, dim in the cigar haze at the green tables, are born gamblers.

The money does not matter much. They would

The gambling sheik loses £50,000 in an hour

(BUT A LUCKY YOUNG MAN WINS £15,000 IN TEN MINUTES!)

by John Deane Potter

gamble if the stakes were a halfpenny. It is the tingle at their finger ends and the racing pulse when they feel their luck is in that matter to them.

You can tell at once when a big player comes in.

When he drives up to the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes attendants hasten forward to lift the white boards with the pink spots on them out of his way. These are placed outside the casino entrance to prevent anyone parking there.

In the case of the big gambler it is different of course. He is one of the aristocrats of the table.

He walks along the hall with its green carpets and square grey tubs of flowers. As he passes into the gaming rooms the mysteri-

ous, darkly dressed men who sit rigid inside square cash desks bow faintly to him.

The card-dealers smile. But there is a touch of apprehension in their greeting, because they do not know with what he will face them before the dawn.

Once he has taken his place and his cards, there is a solemnity and a semi-silence about the proceedings which make the most serious board meeting seem as gay as a fete.

This facade of expressionless dallying with chance often hides in a lot of gamblers a piano-wire neuroticism.

Sometimes hysteria is very near the surface. The casino officials often experience it.

They tell the story of one man who has played for years at the same casino.

One day when he was losing he borrowed £100 from the cash desk. He lost more than £1,000 that night. After he had paid his debt one of the casino

officials came to him and said he had not been debited with the £100 cheque.

It was a mistake—and the gambler was able to prove it. As soon as the official agreed and apologised for the error, the gambler became extremely excited and said: "I know it. You were trying to swindle me. You've been trying to do it for years and tonight you nearly succeeded."

Two casino attendants had to lead him back to his hotel, sobbing and cursing.

Next day he was back in his usual place. He lost another £1,000 without a word.

Who are the people who play for such stakes?

In the post-war years the casino clients have changed. Gone are the maharajahs. They have fallen on comparatively hard times since the Indian Government dissolved the Chamber of Princes.

The free-spending Argentinians have also nearly disappeared. So, of course, have the British.

Both have been muzzled by currency rules.

So who keeps up the tradition? I present an assorted group of gamblers. They include a Hollywood film producer, an emperor and an ex-king.

But one of the youngest of them is a 33-year-old Italian motor-car manufacturer called Gianni Agnelli. He can afford to be a big gambler because he is one of Italy's rich men. He is an important shareholder in the Fiat works, which his grandfather founded.

Like so many other rich men he plays usually the card game of trente-et-quarante.

There is no percentage for the casino in this game, whereas in chemin-de-fer the casino takes

ROBB

pictures gala night at the casino... in the balconies elegance and calm; at the tables below... taut nerves and excitement.



The terrace where you eat faces the sea and overlooks the swimming pool. Beyond the swimming pool is a small private artificial harbour where you tie upon your speedboat while you lunch.

five percent. Casino officials calculate it makes a quarter of the profit a roulette table does.

Then why do they allow it? Well, the rich like it, although it is a dull game to watch. But big gamblers are fascinated by it.

Take the case of Agnelli. He works hard and when he is on holiday he plays with vigour. Sometimes when he is cruising along in his power launch he decides to spend an hour at the tables.

Instead of returning to his villa, which once belonged to the King of the Belgians, and is perched on a hill above Villefranche, he will land at Monte Carlo and go to the casino. He seldom stays longer than an hour. And he always backs the black.

But in that time he will sometimes win—or lose—a thousand pounds or so. He seldom plays with less than £500 chips. Generally he uses the apricot-coloured plaques which are the insignia of the big gambler. They are worth £1,000 each.

For the past few weeks he has been winning pretty consistently. But the other night he did lose £2,000 before dinner.

That sort of minor setback does not put Agnelli off his food.

Determined

HE is a determined gambler who will stay in when it looks as though he has lost a fortune. Already the story has become Riviera legend of how he nearly lost a fortune recently. That was one time he did stay a long time in the casino. Playing trente-et-quarante as usual he was £25,000 down. It was a lot of money even for him.

He got up from the table. Then he sat down again. It was several hours later when he left the casino. He had won his £25,000 back and a little on top.

And this is the man who the casino officials lament does not gamble as much as he did a couple of years ago.

They say two things have happened which have made him less venturesome. Last year he married Marella Caracciolo, a 20-year-old Italian princess with red-gold hair. She is not much of a gambler, but she likes parties.

Another happening which has made Agnelli lead a much quieter life is the fact that he broke a leg in a car crash on the Riviera two years ago. He still walks with a limp.

For a long time his favourite sports of skiing and flying have been closed to him. He has never piloted his private aeroplane since.

But he has always managed to attend to his business. He had his office altered so he could drive right up to his desk.

Now he roars round the coast in his long motor-launch.

At lunch-time he and his guests often steer into the tiny artificial harbour of the La Reserve de Beaulieu.

This small hotel, which is just off the dusty lower coast road between Nice and Monte Carlo, is one of the favourite meeting places of the big spenders.

It has only 25 rooms, but it can cost £80 a day to stay there. Among the occasional visitors are Rita Hayworth and the Mountbattens.

You can sometimes see Jack Warner, the Hollywood film producer, forking up a little lobster there at lunchtime.

You can also see him in the casino—because Warner is another of the people who play with the apricot-coloured plaques. But he never wears the grim expression that most gamblers do; they sit solemnly enjoying themselves. He is the gambler who never stops smiling whether he wins or loses.

During the past weeks he and Darryl Zanuck, his Hollywood producer friend, have been much among the big coloured counters. About 2 a.m. the other morning Warner, who has lost £40,000 in a season, and Zanuck, who has won £20,000 in one night, settled down to a serious game of baccarat.

The other tables slowly began to pack up as people drifted over to watch the film chiefs.

Attendants lit cigar after cigar for them. They took their coats off.

At 3 a.m. every other table was deserted. Five hundred people watched the big boys playing.

Warner never staked less than £7,000. At one point he was down £20,000.

Free to all

AT 6 o'clock in the morning they called it a day. But before they did they ordered magnums of champagne and boxes of cigars for the spectators and casino employees.

Then arm in arm they walked out blinking in the sunlight to their cars parked on the promontory on which the casino is built. Warner had won £48,000.

That sort of play could not be betted even in the best days of the maharajahs.

But the East still has its representatives in the casinos.

Among them is a plump 41-year-old, slant-eyed man who wears such shoes and fancy waistcoats. He is the Emperor Bao Dai, head of the State of Vietnam.

The emperor is a man of many possessions. And his French education has given him a taste for Western pursuits.

He always has 60 Savile Row suits in the wardrobe in his 30-room villa, the Chateau de Thorenc, which overlooks Cannes. The villa cost him £85,000.

In the villa is a library of detective stories and thousands of jazz records. One of his first acts when he came to the throne was to form a jazz band. He played the piano in it himself.

Bao Dai does things in a big way as befits one of the best of the Oriental emperors.

On Nice Airport is a four-engined Liberator with a bathroom and well-stocked bar. It belongs to the emperor, but he seldom flies in it.

In the yacht basin at Cannes one of the biggest yachts is the Huang Giang, registered at Saigon. It has a crew of 30 and cost the emperor £150,000.

But Bao Dai is a great gambler. If he is not near a casino he will inveigle his friends into games of poker.

The odd thing is that his people are Buddhists and do not approve of gambling. So in order not to hurt their feelings Bao Dai will not touch a card or a counter in the casino.

He has a man who sits beside him and does all that for him. Bao Dai advises him how to place the counters and play the cards.

The prince

ANOTHER big Eastern gambler is the Egyptian Prince Said Toussein, who plays at Deauville. His cousin, King Farouk, has not joined him there recently.

Perhaps Toussein does not miss him too much. Farouk had a habit of starting off the day's gambling by borrowing £2,000 from him. He said it brought him luck to play with borrowed money.

Farouk himself is one of the least poker-faced of the big gamblers. When the £1,000 plaques start rolling his way he gorges and laughs out loud with pleasure.

When he loses he scowls and mutters angrily to himself. A lot of the more solemn gamblers, whose faces are as expressionless as boiled lobsters, find his attitude distressing.

Another Egyptian who is playing the big tables is a young side-whiskered man called Atrache, who is described as the Time Ross of Egypt. He won £15,000 in ten minutes at Deauville the other day.

Gold bars

STRANGEST players are the occasional sharks from the Persian Gulf area.

With their fantastic taxless royalties from oil they are the newest and richest of the new-rich. Often they transport their money about in aircraft in large gold bars.

One of them turned up in a casino recently. He had left his gold bars at home. But he was flourishing 250,000 dollars.

He changed most of it into £1,000 plaques. One of his servants came and placed a portable gramophone beside him and played him wailing Arab tunes on it while he gambled.

He obviously had no idea of the game. He just flung his £1,000 counters anywhere. After about an hour he became bored. He suddenly picked up the rest of his counters and hurried them at the crystal chandeliers.

Then he walked out smiling broadly. He had had his fun. He had probably lost £50,000 but he did not care. He had showed them what he thought of gambling.

THE V.C. WHO WOULD NOT JUMP (and thereby saved five lives)

THIS is the story of one of the finest Victoria Cross-winning incidents of the Second World War. In the course of this one action five men qualified for the Caterpillar Club badge. Three died.

On the night of November 28-29, 1942, Fl/Sgt R. H. Middleton of the Royal Australian Air Force, a sheep farmer from Leewang, took his Stirling aircraft of No. 149 Squadron off for a low-level bombing raid on the Fiat works in Turin, Italy. This meant a double out-and-back crossing of the Alps.

In the big black aircraft Middleton had as his crew: Second Pilot Fl/Sgt L. A. Hyder, Navigator P/O G. E. Royde, Wireless Operator P/O Norman Skinner, Fl-Engineer Sgt J. E. Jeffery, Front Gunner Sgt J. W. Mackie, Mid-Upper Gunner Fl/Sgt D. Cameron, and Rear Gunner Sgt. H. W. Gough. Typical of the spirit behind this epic flight was the fact that the three last-named had actually completed their tour of operations, but had volunteered to stay in the crew with their captain—on the last-but-one trip of his tour.

NOT CLIMBING

As the aircraft was making height over France Middleton realised that she was not climbing as she should—he was at 12,000 feet but not gaining. When he called for a report from Engineer Jeffery he was told that at the present rate they had petrol to make the double Alpine crossing and scurvy back to the English coast, but certainly not to their home base.

Middleton decided to carry on—and not a word of dissent came from any of his crew. He merely asked the navigator for the minimum height at which they could scrape over the Alps. The answer came back: "14,000 feet." Middleton merely said quietly: "Well find a pass."

The long run across France southwards was accomplished in black darkness, because the moon had not yet risen. Then Middleton turned the aircraft in towards the towering range

GERALD BOWMAN, continuing the Annals of the Caterpillar Club, tells the remarkable story of Fl/Sgt R. H. Middleton

of the Alps was approached. Middleton found a depression between the snow-covered peaks, and for a while the heavy Stirling thundered along between towering rock-pinnacles closing in on either side. The course turned and twisted. Middleton kept on, at the same time ordering everyone in the crew to help him by keeping eyes skinned. A yell from the front gunner saved them from disaster when a gigantic peak loomed dead ahead—and the rear gunner called him up with the cheerful remark: "I hope you see the next one before I do, chum!"

Somewhere the Stirling actually made that amazing passage. At a point where it could not have climbed out of the valley, even had the bomb load been released, Turin itself was sighted—blazing from the bombing attack of earlier aircraft and lit clearly by flares which had been dropped as target-markers.

Middleton put the nose of the aircraft down and discussed the bombing run with the navigator (who was also bomb-aimer): as they swept out of the heights upon their target. They made three separate bombing runs before they knew they were "spot on." And as they steadily to drop their load the light flak came up in livid, whipping streams.

BLOWN OUT

The main plane was hit and the front windscreen was blown out. Middleton yelled to Hyder, the second pilot, to help him hold the aircraft, the lateral control of which was affected. At the same time the pilot was badly wounded. It seemed to those of his crew who could see him that his right eye had gone, and that the bone of his head was showing above it. Hyder was badly wounded, too. Middleton turned the aircraft in towards the towering range

Middleton kept going. He actually got the aircraft two miles past the English coast before he said: "Right...jump!" At that time he had been eight hours in the control seat—four and a half of them in intense pain from severe wounds.

Hyder, too weak to help himself much, was hauled to the escape hatch by Mackie who pushed the release handle into his hand and then shoved him bodily out. Royde, Cameron and Gough went out; Skinner, also badly wounded, finally went over the side at Middleton's direct order. Jeffery and Mackie were then still on board together with their captain.

The bodies of Jeffery and Mackie were washed ashore next day. Of the aircraft nothing was ever heard again... but Skinner knew that Middleton had turned it towards the sea, just as he was going. More than probably the captain knew that he could never crash-land it in his semi-conscious condition without endangering the lives of villagers or townsfolk. He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross in the citation for which are the words: "His devotion to duty in the face of every danger and difficulty is unsurpassed in the annals of the Royal Air Force."

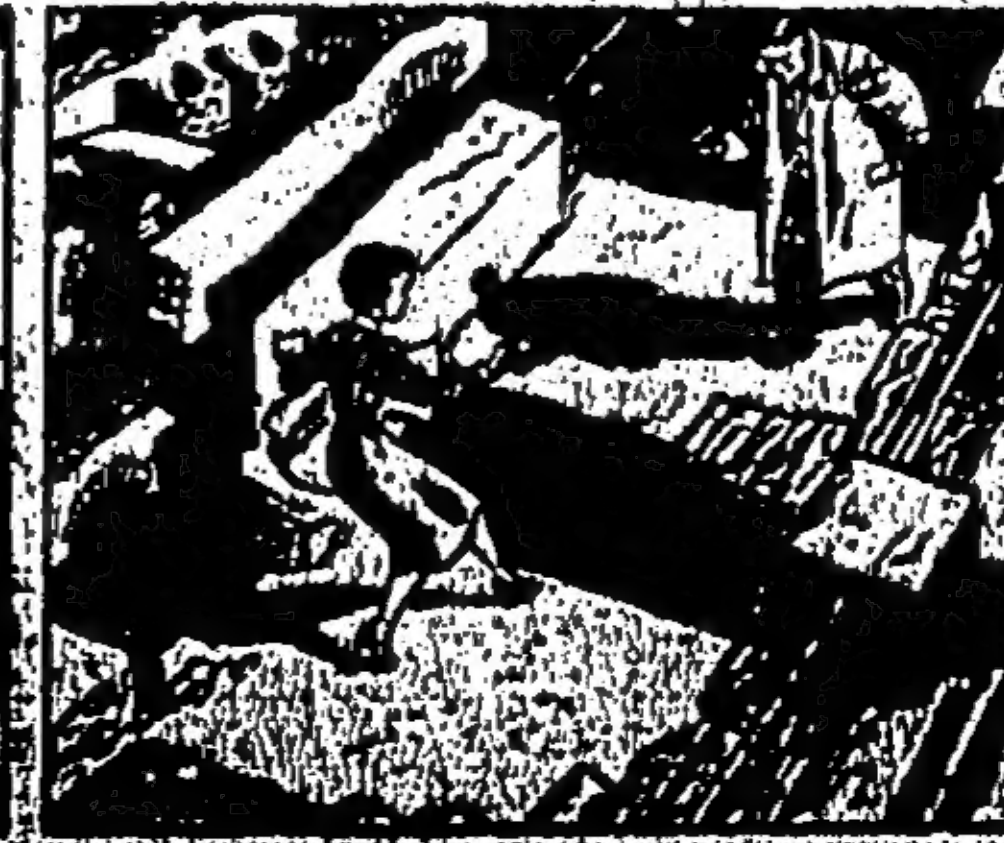
GREATER DANGER

Middleton recovered and once again insisted on taking over control while Hyder was roughly attended to. In its much lighter condition after jettisoning and with all bombs gone the Stirling managed to clear the Alpine range and then set out on the long home journey across France.

By now the moon had appeared—bringing greater danger than ever from the possibility of attack by fighter aircraft. Yet luck was not entirely against the crew since the wind, which had not been in their favour, changed at this point and helped them along.

It was as they crossed the English coast that Middleton called for his last fuel-report and was told: "Five minutes, probably. Definitely not ten." His voice was noticeably weak as he gave the order: "Prepare to bale out, everybody. Bring me my parachute pack." This last, his crew, believe, was said in order to reassure them. His name was known at that time only to a few of the crew. He had been away for weeks of leave

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THREE SAFE-SWIM HAIRSTYLES—
LONG, SHORT AND MEDIUMAlways Like A Mermaid;
Never Like A Mouse

MEET THE GIRLS: Pat (above) takes the Short Cut to a safe-swim hairstyle; Sue (left), plus her faith on a trim coil-at-the-back; and Marianne (below) keeps the curls curly with just a brush. Results: Always like a mermaid—and never, NEVER like a mouse.

PICTURES BY
JOHN FRENCH

Graceful
Hands

By Helen Follett

IT'S an unconscious reaction but, when fingers are prettily manicured, a girl tends to use her hands, sort of show them off!

When polish is chipped, hands rough and red, just the reverse is true. She'd like to keep hands in her pockets or hidden in gloves.

It's not easy to hide hands. How can you? The solution to the problem, then, is to keep hands looking their best so you'll never have to be ashamed of their appearance.

Homemakers, who do heavy work around the house, may find their fingers are rigid, not as supple and graceful as they should be. This makes for jerky and awkward movement.

Exercise will help correct this. First, anoint hands with a heavy cream. Massage each finger, starting at the base, working upward to the nail.

Thumb the knuckles of each finger. Go over the backs of hands and wrists. Just shake your hands, letting fingers go loose. It's surprising how much these exercises help.

STUDY HAND MOTIONS

Every woman should study her hand motions, make sure they're graceful and pleasing. Those who fuss with hair, drum fingers on the table, crack knuckles and have other fidgety habits must learn to correct them. It's better by far to keep hands, one within the other, palms upward, neatly at rest in your lap.

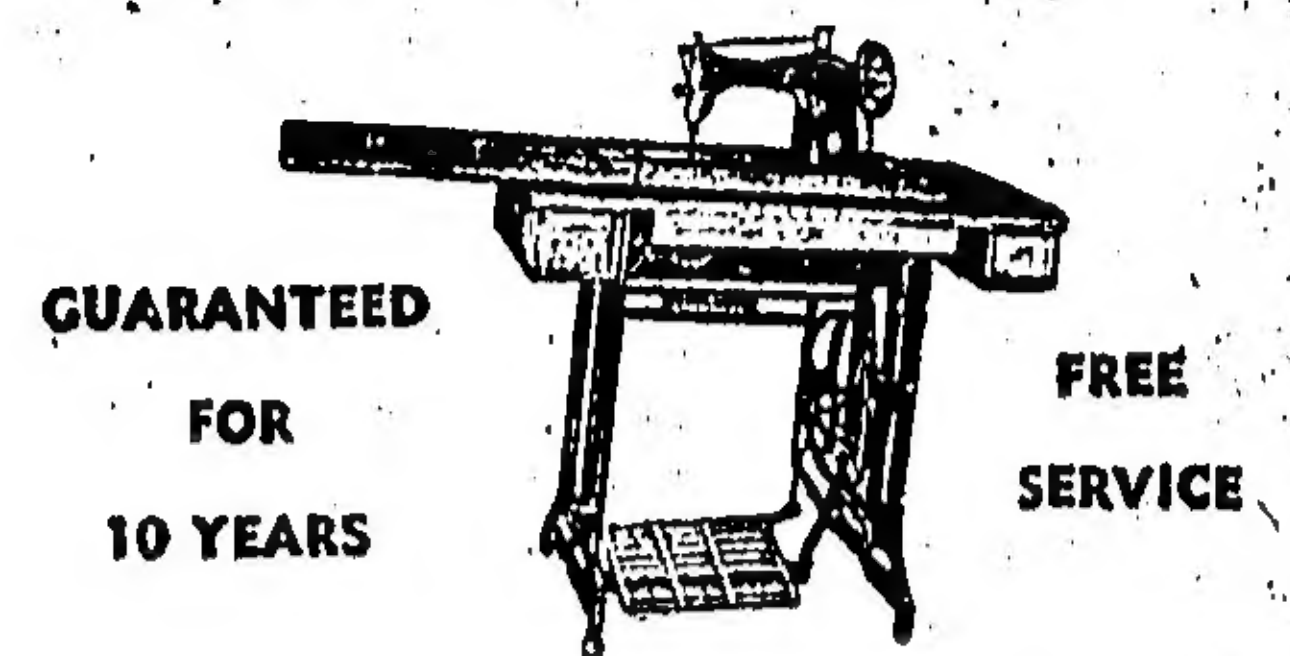
There's no excuse for chipped polish. It takes only a few minutes to give nails a quick coating. In fact, a complete home manicure isn't more than a quarter-hour job. Don't neglect it!

Remember to use hand lotion. Make it a nightly ritual. This routine will pay off in smooth, white skin. While you're giving hands a coating of lotion, take time to spread a little on elbows. Often neglected, they tend to get rough and red. Don't forget hands are up for inspection every time you make a public appearance. Keep them pretty!

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A QUICK
BEAUTY
PICK-UP

RUSH! Rush! Rush! That's what you've been doing all day. It's been one task after another. Just where has time gone?

You're ready to collapse in a heap. But look at that clock! Day's done and a big evening date is almost immediately in the offing. In the thirty minutes remaining, you have to forget you're tired and assume a gay, sparkling air and a twenty-as-a-picture appearance. It sounds impossible!

But it isn't, lady! You can give yourself a beauty pick-up that will have you looking and feeling like a new woman in short order. First, fill the tub with warm water. Sprinkle in fragrant bubbles, salts or oil. Relax in your scented bath for a few minutes. Forget the busy day behind you.

Finish with a quick, cold shower that will bring a glow to your cheeks. Pat on dusting powder or body lotion.

Now, lie down for five minutes. Elevate feet. Cover eyes with cold compresses that have been dipped in eye lotion or good quality witch hazel. Breathe deeply and slowly. Make your mind a complete blank.

You'll feel fresh and ready for make-up magic after this rest routine.

Sitting before a well-lighted mirror, apply foundation to face and neck. Work in gently until it disappears. Pluff on a pinky powder to hide that grey, tired look. Place rouge high so it calls attention to eyes, makes them sparkle.

Before pencilling eyebrows, groom them with a tiny brush. Treat lashes to coloured mascara blue or green. It's wonderful for after-dark.

Eye shadow's in order for the evening, too. Available in numerous shades. Including blue, green, purple, even gold and silver. It plays up the colour of your eyes.

When making up your lips, don't rush the job. Do it carefully. Use a brighter lipstick than the one you apply by day.

There you are freshened up, looking lovely!

The final touch is perfume. Some light, sweet, such as lilac or the valley, to make you feel truly feminine. Be sure to put a bit of perfume on your wrists. Each time you touch your wrists, you'll be reminded of the lovely evening ahead.

OUT she comes, her hair wet and bedraggled, looking more like a drowned mouse. It's the same sad story of girls quickly losing their looks in the sea, on beaches from Brighton to Biarritz.

So this morning pictures tell the story of three girls whose hairstyles are designed to survive a swim: Sue, with long, soft, straight hair; Marianne, with medium-cut, wavy hair; Patricia, with the shortest of short cuts.

SUE, though she is a beauty, does not risk wearing her long, blond hair loose. She pins it up into a trim coil at the back. She draws it back each side, gives her hair a twist, turns

the ends in on themselves, and seams up the coil with hairpins. MARIANNE has curly hair which she brushes right up and back behind her ears. This way, she says, her hair falls into a reasonably pretty shape at the back when it's wet.

PATRICIA'S safe-swim hairstyle depends on the shortness of the short cut. There is very little curl to come out. She has a short fringe which dries in a flash and the back tapered to fit her head like a cap. She combs the fringe and smooths the back—and hey-oh! she looks like the girl in the picture.

CHEOPS' 14 COLOURS

Greensboro, N.C. THE 14 colours of Cheops will be featured in the holiday line of blouses by a leading textile manufacturer.

Taking its cue from renewed interest in Egypt because of the discovery of Cheops' solar ship, researchers announced re-

productions of the authentic colours used during the dramatic fourth dynasty of the Pharaohs.

The colours are papyrus, pink typsum, solar blue, Nile Delta, cedarwood, pharaoh gold, scarab coral, royal amethyst, celestial blue, turquoise treasure, sycamore, osiris blue, sphinx and Egyptian night.

Something more than just sex appeal

What Is The Secret Of
Marilyn's Charm?

By EILEEN ASCROFT

HOW CAN a woman top the popularity poll with men—and avoid antagonising her own sex? One woman has mastered the art supremely well: Miss Marilyn Monroe. And as a woman who likes to understand what the secret is, I have been analysing her special appeals.

What is it about this dizzy, curvaceous, kittenish blonde that gets every man ogling? And wins the approval of the women, too?

It is something more than just sex appeal that has kept her at the top of the Glamour Poll for years.

After a brief New York meeting, reading six different life stories and cross-examining ardent fans of body-selves, I present the Marilyn Monroe Doctrine. It contains useful hints for the girl who would be happy enough, fascinating one particular male without charming millions.

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Banish The Reduced Look
And Restore The Bloom

By IDA JEAN KAIN

NOW and again someone who has reduced writes that she feels happy about it and wouldn't be fat again for love nor money, but explains that reducing has made her face appear thin and asks what she can do to look like herself again... her slim self, to be sure.

Nobody wants that "reduced look," so let's see what can be done about it. Since there is comparatively little fat on the face, not much can be lost from there. Still, a few ounces lost from a lean face will show more quickly than pounds off the hips.

However, there is another factor. A reducing diet that is nutritionally faulty results in strain. Cut down on the foods which furnish repair and regulating materials, and wear and tear

show in the face. Try any reducing shenanigans and nature slaps us smack in the face every time.

At this point you may contend that you did follow a scientific diet. To the last nutrient? Remember that a protective diet is carefully planned to include the best sources of the nutrients, and just one or two seemingly minor changes can drastically shortchange the diet.

While dieting, it's easy to put the emphasis on reducing rather than on perfect nutrition. You may reason that since there are no calories in coffee, you can substitute coffee for milk, a sweet roll for the breakfast egg and skip the liver and the dark green, leafy vegetables included in the menus—and then imagine you are on a good diet even though you are omitting important protective nutrients.

Try this beauty plan: Check your diet to make sure that it includes daily: 3 glasses of milk or buttermilk; 1 or 2 eggs; a liberal serving of lean meat or fish or fowl; 3 vegetables, including a dark green, leafy and a yellow; 3 fruits, including a citrus fruit or juice and whole grain or enriched bread. Stay with this plan for a month, eating the amount of food that holds your weight at normal. Given a little time, the protective nutrients will restore the bloom to your face.

A trio of shaper-uppers will help you to look and feel young and bring a mental and physical lift. Stretch slim through the middle measure, bend smoothly sideways, and include in the daily tone-ups this one: chin tracing. Face lifting exercises. Lie on back, knees bent, feet flat on floor, hands behind head. Lift chin, head, shoulders, arms, legs, and feet. Hold for 10 seconds. Repeat 10 times daily.

Shower baths will start conditioning of face, will help you look and feel young, and will help you look and feel young.

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MARILYN MONROE
She needs affection.



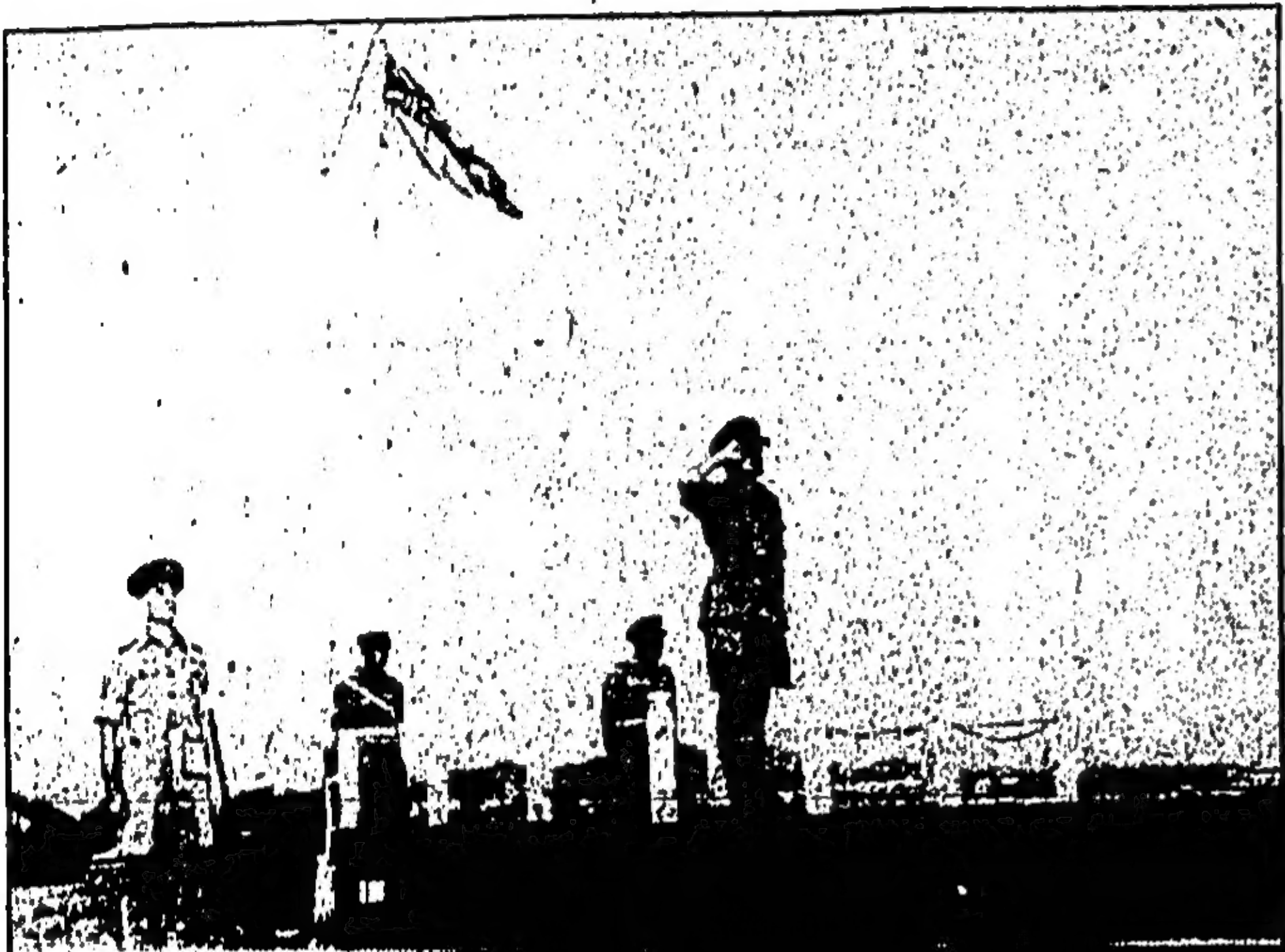
MEMBERS of the Women's Royal Army Corps marching to the Victoria Garrison Church, where a plaque bearing the crest of the Corps was dedicated last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs L. B. Stone pictured with their son, Brian, and his friends who attended his birthday party last week. Brian flew from England to spend the summer holidays with his parents. (Staff Photographer)



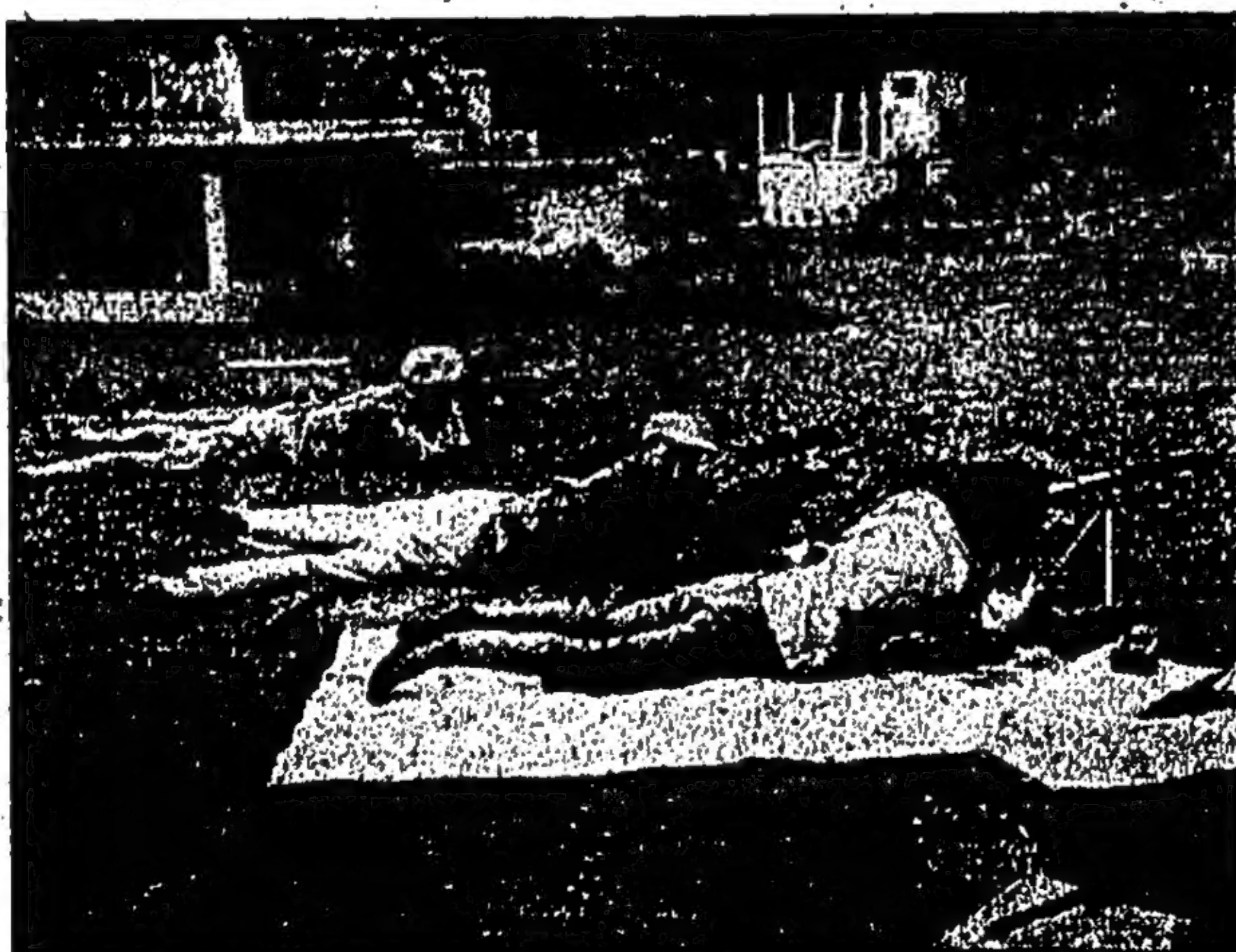
MISS Bonnie Parsons, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. J. Parsons, is surrounded by her young friends at her sixth birthday party last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



OBSERVING Battle of Britain Week in Hongkong. In top picture, Group Captain J. F. Newton is seen taking the salute at a commemoration parade held at Kai Tak. Lower picture, taken at the cocktail party given at the RAF Officers' Mess, Kai Tak, shows the AOC, Air Commodore R. C. Field, with a couple of guests. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Sugden, wife of Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, Commander, British Forces, at the new NAAFI Shop which she opened at Kowloon Tsai to serve the needs of the growing number of Service families in the area. (Army PRO)



LEFT: Christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Michael Stephen, son of Mr and Mrs T. D. Oakes. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Family group taken after the christening at St Joseph's Church last Sunday of Rory John, son of Mr and Mrs B. Sheehan. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: At the opening shoot of the Hongkong Rifle Association's Small Bore League last Sunday at the Hongkong Gun Club. (Staff Photographer)



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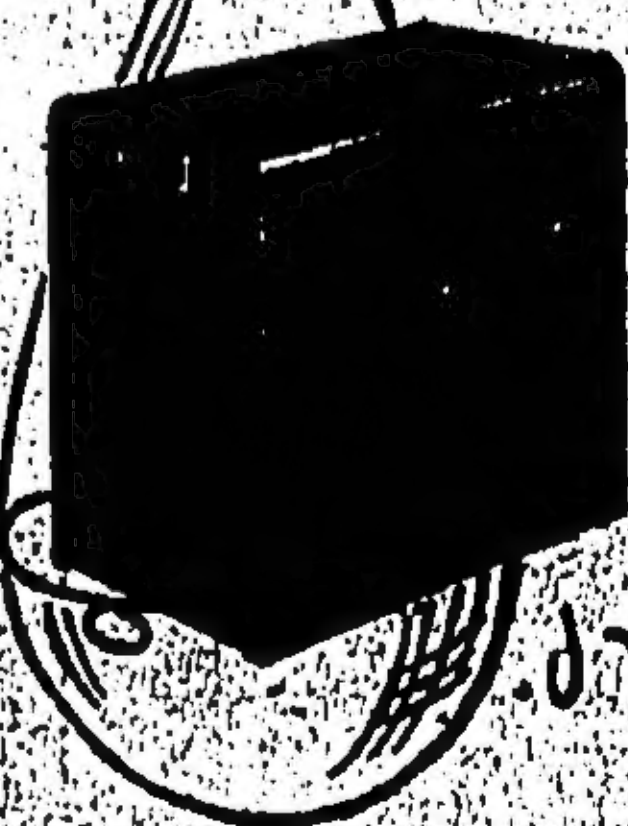
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THE visiting Members of Parliament taken on a trip to the Kowloon, Canton, and Shanghai on Thursday by the Commissioner for Territories, Mr. D. H. Evans. (Staff Photographer)

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HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government and Mrs R. B. Black inspect one of the classes in session during their visit to the Po Leung Kuk on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Protected from the rain by umbrellas held aloft by the groom's brother officers, Commander R.S.S. Ingham and his bride, the former Miss Helen Grace, leave Holy Trinity Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

BRIDAL group outside the Rosary Church, Kowloon, after the wedding of Mr Roberto Artur d'Almada Remedios and Miss Catherine Leonora dos Remedios. (Staff Photographer)



TELLING the story of their 18 months' captivity in Red China after their release on Wednesday are, from left, Don Dixon (in white vest), Richard Applegate and Ben Krasner. The three Americans were captured near Hongkong when they went on a pleasure cruise in the yacht Kart in March last year. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of John Philip, infant son of Mr and Mrs A. G. Gardner. (Staff Photographer)

PETER, son of Mr and Mrs D. R. Holmes, prepares to blow out the candles on his birthday cake at his anniversary party. He was five last Monday. (Mayfair)



MR John Stericker giving YWCA members some words of advice on the hobby of photography at a gathering on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



TWO members of the Hongkong Rotary Club who received awards for 100 percent attendance are seen at the Club's Ladies' Night last week, when Mr George Lin, Past President, presented badges to them. Above: Mr Ross Coombs receiving his badge. Lower picture: Mr Alfred Ho receives congratulations from Mr Lin. (Staff Photographer)

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MR F. T. McIwain, President of the Society for Relief to the Disabled, distributing rice at the Hindu Temple on Monday to mark 'Crippler's Day'. (Staff Photographer)

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AIR-CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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SLEEP WHEN YOU CAN

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

MANY people are possessed with sleepiness when they cannot, do not wish to, or ought not sleep, as in church or when being entertained by people with one idea and a few thousand words. Or they cannot sleep when they have the opportunity. Or both. What to do?

Workers on night shifts have trouble sleeping in the daytime. Drivers get sleepy at the wheel. Students doze over their books, then go to bed and toss and turn, sleepless. What's the answer?

One of the answers is to follow a normal sleep pattern and take advantage of sleepers' need by sleeping whenever the opportunity presents. Not long ago, I travelled with an acquaintance who said he never

could sleep on a train. Shortly thereafter, our conversation lulled and we started reading. In a few minutes he was asleep in his seat, his head bobbing precariously with the motion of the train. Next morning at breakfast, haggard and jittery, he demanded coffee, hot, strong black and often—complained he had hardly slept at all. If he had retired to his berth early, taking advantage of after-dinner reprieve and sleepiness, he could have had several hours of good sleep. Upon awaking, he could have read until he was sleepy again and then gone to sleep. Instead he fought the train, himself, and his fear of sleeplessness, all night, and turned up a wreck in the morning.

Thomas Edison was reputed to have slept only four hours each night, and many have marvelled at how he managed with so little rest. He didn't. He had a cat in his laboratory, and whenever he fell asleep, he caught a cat nap—forty winks, some people call them. And he awoke refreshed. Many others followed his example.

Early evening fatigue often causes sleepiness after a full dinner. A nap before dinner is a good idea under such conditions, because it brings the person to the table rested—a prerequisite for good digestion. An after-dinner nap is next best, but not as good. Such naps should be short; too much sleep at this time may cause trouble sleeping later. An early evening nap is also a good idea preceding a late evening engagement—it helps take the curse off the next morning's rising.

★ ★ ★

Many persons whose occupation is intermittent have trained themselves to sleep wherever they may be. Railroad workers, radio and television performers, reporters and others working on shifts or standing watch in anticipation of a delayed event, frequently are seen sprawling in whatever place they can find, sleeping. On trains, many passengers can be seen taking short naps.

Night workers often have bad sleeping habits which account for many of their difficulties. The worst of these is irregularity. Regular sleep hours in daytime are as important as during the night because habit is a powerful factor in human living. Delay in getting to sleep when coming off duty is another poor practice. By postponing sleep the sleep impulse is lost. Activity stimulates mind and body, and fatigue sets in when the opportunity for sleeping has passed.

★ ★ ★

Daytime sleepers need to take more care with their sleeping arrangements than those who sleep at night. There are few silent places in the daytime. In the centre of the city there are traffic and activity noises; in the suburbs there are dogs, children and neighbours. Even considerate people can hardly be expected to hush their lives for the convenience of the daytime sleeper. So he must provide, as best he can, his own privacy against the two most serious enemies of daytime sleep—light and sound. In addition to a darkened room he may need an eye cover of black, but not too heavy cloth, lightly tied on with strings. He may need to use ear stoppers. These can be plugged into the outer ear—not the ear canal—and will deaden sound sufficiently to make sleep possible. But you can still hear that confounded alarm. Unhappily, even the lightest sleepers have to get up.

Some Fragrant Ideas

Potpourri, Sachets And Rose Beads

TO add charm to your home at this time when gardens are at their best, keep your rooms airy and fragrant.

Perhaps you would like to make your own potpourri. This old-fashioned mixture of dried flower petals and spices, beloved by generations of housewives, is not very hard to make and will add an indefinite elegance to closets, bureau drawers and other nooks where you place it.

For potpourri may be left at various vantage places filling the air with perfume.

Pluck petals from roses, spread out to dry. Sprinkle well with table salt to draw out the moisture and help prevent mould. Turn the leaves daily for about three days. An easy way to handle them is on a box lid. When dry and crisp, dredge with red rose sachet powder. Then put the mixture of petals and powder in a tightly closed box for at least 24 hours.

To make sachet bags, use four layers of net, rayon or tulle cut in eight-inch squares.

Cut another round the size of a teacup, at least two-ply, and place on bottom of sachet square to keep powder from sifting through. Draw up the four corners of the square, tie tightly with ribbon, then round or fringe the corners for decoration.

For travelling, make flat pads by folding tulle. For use in closets add loops of ribbon for hanging. Or just stuff the square, as is into the recesses of cushioned chairs and sofas. Place on closet shelves, in hat boxes, and tuck here and there among bed linen and towels in the linen closet.

For another fragrant idea, try making rose beads. Gather roses on a clear day and chop the petals fine. Place in saucepan and barely cover with water. Heat for about an hour, but do not allow to boil. Repeat this for three days, and, if necessary, add more water, always keeping the rose brew at a moderate heat.

Make the beads by working the pulp into balls with the fingers. When thoroughly well worked, let them dry moderately. Then press into a large needle, being sure to make a hole exactly in the centre of the miniature balls. Move the beads frequently until absolutely dry, or they will be difficult to remove from the needle without breaking.

The beads will retain a delicate fragrance for years, especially after being warmed in the hand for a few minutes. If a black bead is desired, and they are most attractive, use a rusty tin rather than a regular saucepan for cooking the petals.

— Eleanor Ross

THE GLAMOUR OF SIMPLE FOODS

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"MADAME, this dinner is a good example of what you term the glamour of simple foods," announced the Chef.

"It is not necessary to use many trimmings to make food look appetising. When properly cooked, neatly arranged for colour contrast and sparingly garnished, it always looks glamorous."

Our touring party of four was dining at a famous restaurant. The Chef had ordered braised short ribs with brown gravy, whipped potato and green beans.

"Regard," he remarked, "how the meat is served over the gravy, and not covered with it, which would be unglamorous. The tomato wedge and parsley add a nice colour note."

Betty Dodd, our hostess, was enjoying her meal, too. "I had chicken fricassee, but this is just what I needed, topped with drawn butter and arranged in deep dishes bordered with toast points."

Try glamorizing this simple menu which I learned from my great-great-aunt. It's fun!

DINNER
Hot or Jellied Consomme
Proved Beef Loaf
Buttered Beets
Potato, Green Pepper and Cucumber Salad
Peach-Nut Crisp
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

ALL MEASUREMENTS ARE LEVEL
Recipe Serves 4 to 6
Pressed Beef Loaf: Cover 5 lbs. thick shin of beef with boiling water; add 1 tsp. salt. Cover; simmer 3 hr. or until the meat is very tender. Chop fine; season with 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate; add salt and pepper to taste.

Meantime, to the broth, add 1/4 tsp. each sage and thyme, and 1/16th spoonful nutmeg. Simmer until reduced to 1 c. Strain into the meat. Rub a 9x5x3-in. loaf pan with oil; pack in the meat. Refrigerate 12 hr. Serve thin-sliced, preferably with a salad.

PEACH-NUT CRISP: Peel and halve 6 fresh, good-size peaches. Rub a 9-in. pie plate with butter or margarine; dust with 1 tsp. granulated sugar.

In this, arrange the peach halves, rounded side up. Dust with 1/3 c. sugar; add 1/2 c. water; cover with Nut-Crisp Topping; slow-bake at 350° F. or until browned. Serve warm or cold, plain or with ice cream.

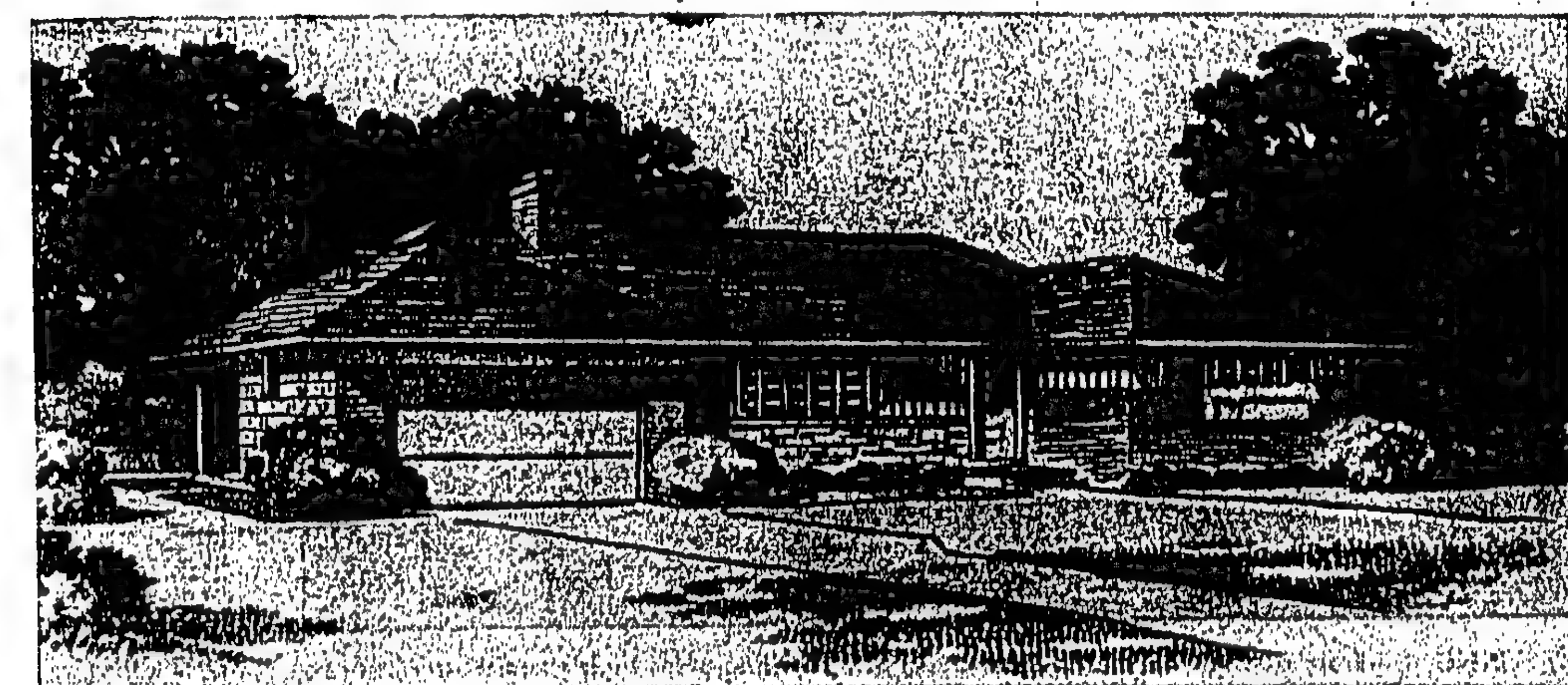
NUT-CRISP TOPPING: Work together until crumbly 1/3 c. enriched flour, 3 tsp. any kind fine-chopped nuts, 3 tsp. butter, 1/3 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. clove cinnamon.

TRICK OF THE CHEF
Sprinkle buttered beets with a little fresh ground allspice.

★ Comfort And Elegance ★



THE EXTERIOR CONSTRUCTION OF House No. J-3356 combines fieldstone, shingle and siding, giving this luxurious home the air of a country club. Note flower boxes under windows and at the entrance.



THERE'S A SPACIOUS, hospitable look to this ranch house, Design No. J-3360. Behind the 2-car garage, a delightful covered porch is ideally planned for summer dining.

By Joan O'Sullivan

THE two ranch houses shown here are duded up with wonderful luxury features.

Plan J-3356 has the elegant air of a country club. It's a handsome house of fieldstone, shingle and siding with long, clean lines that make it a showplace.

One end of the huge living-dining area provides almost 33 feet of window wall, including French doors which open on a delightful patio.

No one would think of making "chow" or "grub" in this ranch house kitchen. It's far too fancy for such slangy talk. One corner's given over to a built-in dinette, while the work area's equipped with a double sink and countless cabinets and appliances. In the bedroom wing, closets are super-storage centres with sliding doors.

The master bedroom features a walk-in closet and has access to a large bath with a stall shower, which may also be entered from the foyer. Another bath is conveniently located to serve the two back bedrooms.

The plan comprises 1,600 square feet and is 57 feet by 36 feet, excluding the attached garage.

The other ranch house, Plan No. J-3360, is a luxury home, too. A handsome fireplace highlights the spacious living room with its decorative multi-paned picture window. From this area, step into the separate dining room, where another picture window captures a garden view.

At one end of the dining room, a doorway opens on a covered porch, an ideal setting for summer meals. From the other end of the room, you can step into the kitchen with its built-in breakfast nook. Note, too, that the kitchen has easy access to the front entry via a hallway, which is a traffic-saver for the living room.

Two junior bedrooms share a bath, while the master bedroom has a shower-vanity-lavatory all its own, and a walk-in closet with a window big enough to be a dressing room. The house comprises 1,600 square feet and is 61 feet, four inches, by 49 feet.

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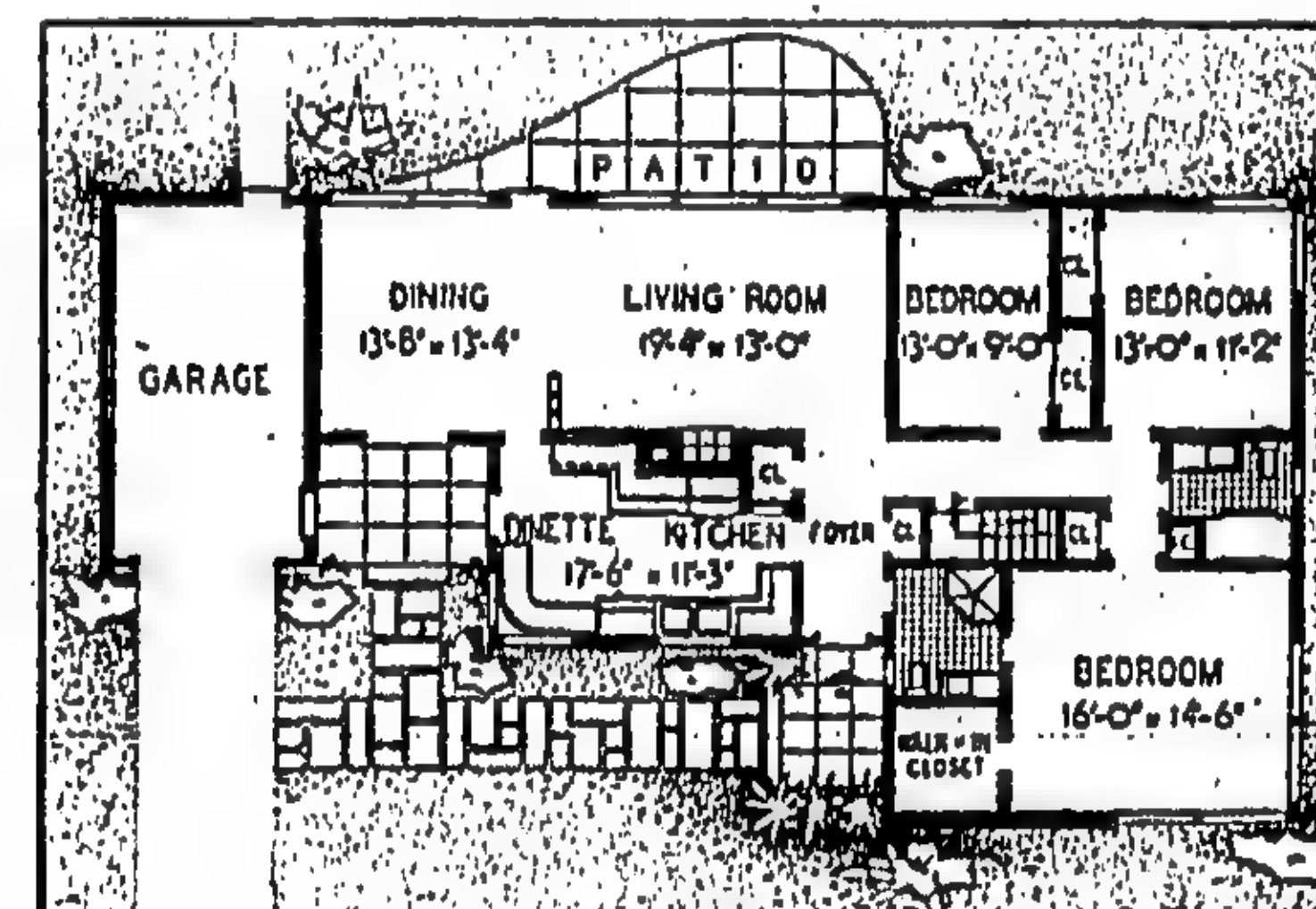
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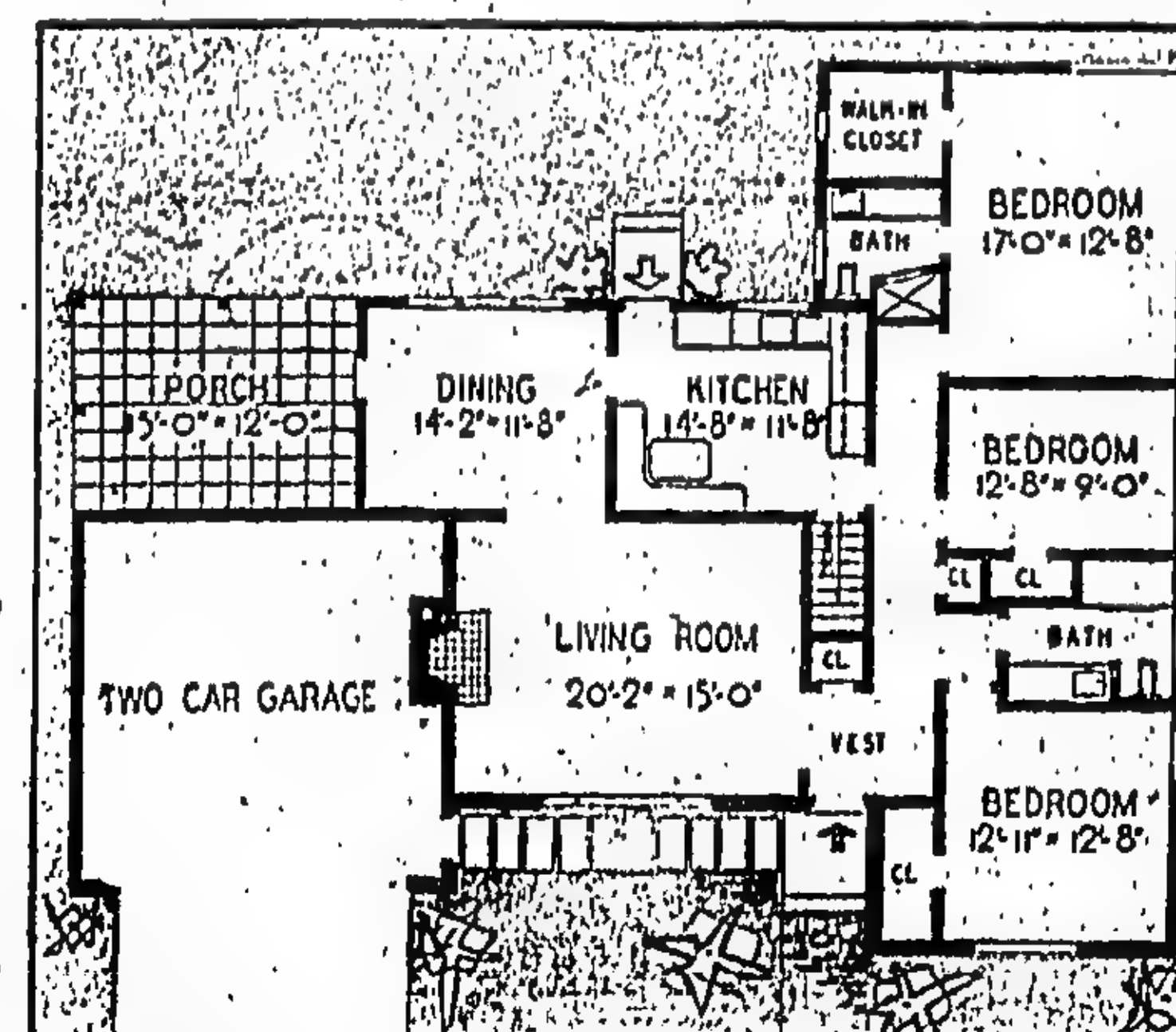
The house comprises 1,600 square feet and is 61 feet, four inches, by 49 feet.

Materials which are apt to shrink on contact with water should be pressed when still damp and stretched gently under the warm iron.

Work a little turpentine into shoes polished that has dried out and become too hard to use. It will soon be soft and smooth again.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS comes into the combination living-dining area of Plan J-3356 in a window wall 33 feet long across the back of the house.



A FIREPLACE HIGHLIGHTS the living room of Plan J-3360. The kitchen, which is accessible from both front and back entrances, has a built-in dining nook.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Materials which are apt to shrink on contact with water should be pressed when still damp and stretched gently under the warm iron.

Work a little turpentine into shoes polished that has dried out and become too hard to use. It will soon be soft and smooth again.

Wrap white linen or cotton articles in blue tissue paper if they have to be stored away for any length of time; this will prevent the articles from yellowing.

An occasional clean with salt before plucking. The feathers will come out easily and with less risk of the flesh-tearing. Dip a fowl into boiling water. The feathers, which are to be used for making savouries or sand on the paper, will be brought out by the heat of the water.

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PARENTS SHOULD KEEP THEIR LAUGHTER KIND

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

FORTUNATE the home with lots of smiles and laughter. It has a pair of parents with a good sense of humour. They frequently recount the funny things which happened in the recent past. Better still, they sense the funny things as they are happening right in the family circle. Best of all, they can laugh at their own frailties and foibles.

On the other hand, a parent who is always laughing is often at the expense of someone else in the family. His sense of humour, but only a way of exalting his or her own ego.

TRICK OF THE CHEF
Sprinkle buttered beets with a little fresh ground allspice.

Next time you go to a party attended by a number of couples, listen for signs of false humour expressed by a wife or husband, such as a belittling remark about the mate, aimed at causing a laugh at his or her expense. Pathetically, this remark may bring forth a laugh. Yet how subtle and insidious is the motive back of it. Of course any wife

or husband may have funny foibles, funny to the mate, funny sometimes to others. But having these foibles headlined can hurt terribly. Besides, this cruel display can do no end of harm to the person who exploits them.

The same kind of urge which prompts a wife or husband to expose laughter at the expense of a mate, prompts the parent to laugh at what a child says or does, and thus gives this child great embarrassment. It's a false sense of humour which prompts a parent to laugh then. If this child could as often get back at the parent by turning the laugh on the parent, then real humour might be growing both in the child and parent.

Rarely will the child under six or eight attempt to laugh at what a parent says or does before the parent has first laughed at himself. He suppresses his laughter.

The teen-age youth may not feel wholly safe at turning a laugh on the father or mother, even though he may have been the butt of ridicule by his parents since he began to talk. Some years ago, while my

car on the way to her school, she said to me, "Dad, you are awfully funny sometimes."

I straightened up and threw out my chest.

Then she added, "you are funniest when you don't know you are funny!"

SENSE OF HUMOUR
An occasional child from 9 to 15 has told or written me about a wonderful parent or teacher who can take a joke, who is a good sport when kidded or teased by banter. Such a parent or teacher soon becomes a hero or heroine of the child, of whom he may ask almost any favour he desires.

When we really have a good sense of humour we are not self-centred. We don't take ourselves too seriously. We relax. We turn our interest and attention to others in our presence and strive to make them feel worthwhile.

How wonderful when every member of the family feels worthy and secure, and has a happy, comfortable, feeling toward all the other members. At such times, it seems to me, we are really happy.

THE NEW TOY

by Illingworth



EXILES of EARL'S COURT RD.

SURVEYS of refugee-aid records recently completed show that some 13,000 ex-Soviet subjects are settled in Britain as factory, farm or blackcoat workers.

They grow roses, drink beer, watch football, sometimes play it, even buy houses on the instalment plan.

Emigre circles say that at least 18,000 Russians entered Britain under the European voluntary worker scheme between 1947 and 1949. Originally herded off to Germany by the invading Nazis as prisoners-of-war or forced labour, most of them reached Britain from Continental DP camps after declaring themselves Balts or Ukrainians to escape forcible repatriation. About 5,000 went on to Canada, the U.S.A. and other countries. The 13,000 who remain seem to be there for keeps.

A scattering of these new settlers mix with Tatarian exiles of the first emigre wave at lectures and poetry readings in the refugees' club-cum-hostel at Penywern Road, Earl's Court.

In the basement kitchen here Gabriel Safronovitch, stocky and leather-skinned, helps cook *kasha* (buckwheat porridge), *pirogi* (pancakes with savoury filling) and *vareniki* (sweet pancakes) for a dozen or so old and helpless exiles who have their dining-room and bedrooms either upstairs or at a "sister" house in Warwick Road, former NCO in a Kuban Cossack regiment, Gabriel, who has no syllable of English, shops by sign language in Earl's Court Road and dreams of many far-off things. The spring grass coming up on his native Steppe. The battles he fought with fellow Whites against the Reds during the Civil War. His horse Voronoi (Blackie) which his father gave him on his eighteenth birthday. The bullet in Voronoi's fetlock. His parting with Voronoi when he and his comrades were evacuated to Yugoslavia via Lemnos.

While Gabriel was dreaming thus on a recent night, a bald, bright little man, once a university student in St. Petersburg (as emigrés insist on calling Leningrad), read Pushkin aloud to a handful of exiles listening on the floor above. On the walls were oil paintings of the late Tsar and Tsarina, a water-colour of the Kremlin in the 'twenties, and an engraving of a giant Cossack with lance, carbine and sabre. The silver-plated mirror on the chimney-piece was there as a punishment exhibit. It had not been used for decades. But at the interval tea was served with honey, as the

They read Pushkin in a room decorated with pictures of the late Tsar and Tsarina... and they save up to buy a house in England on the instalment plan.

by FRANCIS MARTIN

every Russian novel you ever read.

DP emigrés are easy to spot at these lectures. As distinct from the others, they are youngish. Their English clothes, whether off-the-peg or not, hang upon them in a faintly alien way. But they love the English social system.

Accustomed to spartan standards of living, the second-wave emigrés work hard, save hard and curdle his money about in wads.

His big ambition is to buy a little house on the instalment plan in the English way. The London records of the Tolstoy Foundation, a refugee-aid organisation, show that 15 ex-Soviet citizens have either bought houses or inquired about house-buying procedure during the past two months alone.

Refugees with more money help those with less. The most striking case of mutual aid on the Foundation's books is that of Vasily and Maria. I do not mention their full names because refugees with relatives in Russia are chary of being identified.

Vasily is 45, a former Soviet clerk, now doing gardening and other manual work in London. Maria is 47, a skilled dressmaker. Vasily met and married her after their release from different

DP camps. After Mass on Sunday morning a few weeks ago Vasily, with Maria on his arm, came out of St. Philip's, the Greek Orthodox church in Buckingham Palace Road. They talked casually on the pavement with refugee friends. "We want to buy a house but haven't enough money," they said.

They were overheard by Ivan (45), a factory worker at Reading, ex-Cossack (father and three brothers shot by Soviet police), who has himself, with partner, bought an eight-roomed house on the Reading outskirts.

"Let me help," said Ivan. He handed Vasily £40 on loan from his wad. Then he went round with the hat. Within half an hour he had £200.

This incident is vouched for by Madame Sophie Botcharsky, London representative of the Tolstoy fund. "I saw the money handed over and counted it myself," she says.

Is there no darker side? You cannot talk for long to emigrés without hearing of dark horse types, the DP here and there who is said to have sold himself to Soviet authorities and spies on his fellow refugees.

Hear the evidence of Prince Emanuel Galtzine, a second-generation emigre, Spitfire pilot in the RAF during the war, who now sells A.V. Roe aeroplanes from an office in St James's Square.



GABRIEL SAFRONOVITCH Buckwheat porridge, and dreams.

Says Galtzine: Cases have come to his notice—and have been reported to the police—of Soviet agents approaching Russian refugees of the humbler sort. The agent will buttonhole a hotel dishwasher, say. The talk goes like this:

Agent.—What's your wage?

Refugee.—About five pounds per week.

Agent.—How much would you get on the dole?

Refugee.—Thirty-two and six.

Agent.—Go on the dole, get your 32s. 6d., and I'll pay you £3 17s. 6d. a week to make up the difference.

"In all the cases I know about," adds Galtzine, "the refugees concerned have indignantly turned down the offer. If they had accepted—as some refugees may have been hoodwinked into doing—they would have become helpless tools in Soviet hands."

With Les Armour In Britain Today

London.

At a single day's meeting of the British Association I learned:

That thumb-sucking is not a prelude to disaster.

That the cosmos may or may not (depending on how you look at it) be busily creating itself out of nothing all the time.

That fat boys are confident and thin ones are bright.

And, finally, that: Julius Caesar The Roman conqueror Squashed his wife with a lemon squeezer.

All this struck me as frightfully important—until I went away and thought about it over a beer.

Then I began to have my doubts. This business about Julius Caesar, for instance. It transpires that this disgusting pronouncement was uttered by a Mr Peter Orie during a search for nursery rhymes.

Its significance, we were informed solemnly, was that it was not a proper nursery rhyme. It was rather a "playground rhyme" and therefore intended for adult ears. I asked if Peter Orie showed from mother or child. He was passed from child to child.

This opens new possibilities in the investigation of social communication.

We are glad that Mr Orie has not discovered the social significance of lavatory walls. (An American anthropologist is already working on THAT.)

And take that item about thumb-sucking. I was once second to none at thumb-sucking and, having concluded some time ago that I was still

around to tell the tale, scarcely needed science to tell me that thumb-sucking was not necessarily a prelude to disaster.

Nor will most parents be exactly startled to learn that "easily 50 percent of children suck their thumbs."

As for fat boys and thin boys, we were immediately struck with a most heretical thought.

THE man who paid £39 for an elderly notice board this week obviously had a sense of the fitness of things.

The notice board says simply: "No swearing or beer spilling in this hall." It was erected in Apley Castle in 1812 as a warning to the servants.

Look at that inscription carefully. It proscribes just two deadly sins. It leaves no doubt about the thing. Curse or spill beer at your peril.

Look at the consequences of the two sins:

Rob a bank and the insurance company pays up. The company is out a little money, but happily so. If no one robs banks, there would be no insurance business to be transacted.

No doubt bank robbing ought to be discouraged. If it became prevalent it would make banks too unsafe to exist. And if too many banks failed, the country would be in a state of chaos.

Suppose boys grow fat just because they are easy-going and confident? And suppose some boys stay thin just because they are more highly strung and inclined to slog away at the books?

Where is the British Association then?

As for the cosmos, we are told by the professors that this is "really a very difficult matter, you know."

As if we didn't.

Suppose boys grow fat just because they are easy-going and confident? And suppose some boys stay thin just because they are more highly strung and inclined to slog away at the books?

Where is the British Association then?

William Hickey

THE BEAUTIES WHO NEVER TALK BACK

I SPENT a week-end with two beautiful women who have fascinated me for years. Becky and Anna are their names.

The years have made no difference to them. They are just as lovely as they ever were. The only difference is that I used to think I understood them. Now I realise I never shall.

Becky is small and has a delicious waist. She has green eyes that glitter. She plays the piano and sings brilliantly. Not a good woman. She was always a man-eater. Always will be.

But I've always been a little sorry for her. I remember that she was very poor and was patronised. I don't think she quite realised it—but she was trying to get her own back on society.

Foolish...

Anna is not such good company as Becky... But she is sincere. A tall woman, with soulful eyes—but it's difficult to describe Anna. She overwhelms you with her womanhood. She ran away from her husband. I think foolishly. Her romance was bound to end in disaster. It did.

But, unlike Becky, she was a good woman, a good mother. I know they are both my friends for life.

I shall always be grateful to the two men who introduced me to them.

Thackeray gave me Becky in "Vanity Fair." Tolstoy gave me Anna in "Anna Karenina."

You see, I didn't want to go out that week-end and spend the time reading.

Well, at any rate, Becky and Anna don't answer back—and don't cost anything.

The ancient Yanks

ONE of my week-end jobs was to read a memorandum prepared by the U.S. Air Force. It was full of long, complicated, abstract words like "evaluation."

The Americans seem to think in long words. I have not met anything like it since I used to read Latin.

It is extraordinary how much the Americans have in common with the ancient Romans. Someone ought to write a book about it.

They both settled in their country as emigrants. Rome became a mixture of peoples. So has the United States.

Both borrowed their civilisation from Greece. The United States from Europe. Rome went to acquire polish in Greece. Just as young Americans come to acquire culture here.

Among the rich in the United States divorce is a matter of small moment. So it was in Rome.

Both nations are admired as practical men. Rome, after the wars that made it powerful, was ruled by military men. Generals have dominated the American scene since the war.

And—even the American crowdout makes the Americans look astonishingly like Romans.

The dancing girls

I FELT my name should have been Sheikh Abdul ben

Hickey the other morning. There I was sitting in the May Fair Hotel surrounded by dancing girls.

My grand vizier... Carl Hyson, the producer, was putting them through their paces for a new cabaret.

They were nearly all beautiful. They were dressed in anything from blinks to net stockings and sweaters.

"All right, sweetie!" said Hyson to one of them, "let's see you dance."

The piano struck up. The girl, long-legged in white shorts and bloomers, went through some modern dance movements.

Janet May smiled with her big blue eyes. "This is a pleasant audition, she said. 'At some of the auditions for the big shows there are hundreds of girls. You get pushed around and people are often unpleasant to you.'

"There is so much competition," said Janet, with something of a sigh. "There are nearly 2,000 girls for every job in the theatre."

I think she was exaggerating. But not all that much. To tell you the truth my role of Abdul the Sheikh was beginning to pall. I suppose you can have too much of a good thing—even girls.

So foreign...

A FRIEND had to go to the Foreign Office on business and noticed that the calendar in the room was a German one. He commented on it. "Yes," said an official, "it was sent to us by one of our German clients."

"Why don't you have an English one?" my friend asked. "Well, if anyone is willing to send us one we shall be delighted," was the answer.

At the top of the calendar there is a motto in German: "Be nice to one another."

Roger and Tessie

BECOME famous, and what is the first thing that happens to you? You are asked to open something: A fête... a garden party... a gymkhana. There is no escape.

Roger Bannister is the latest victim. He is to open a playing field at Hurlingham Park.

It is only if only that Roger change roles. Bannister playing the ukulele and Tessie running the mile.

How to retire

EDWARD MOLYNEUX, who retired from the dress-designing business in London and Paris four years ago, is back here on a visit.

I talked with him about success in retirement.

"For that sort of success," he said, "you have got to put the old business right out of your mind. Then take up a new interest, or die of unutterable boredom."

Molyneux, now 60, has succeeded. He took up painting—and at a one-man show in Paris in the spring sold 35 of his 43 pictures.

The Duchess of Windsor bought one. So did Douglas Dillon, the American Ambassador in Paris. And the New York art galleries took a selection.

Trouble under Eros

ALTHOUGH people who spend their evenings sitting around the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus have been giving the London County Council a lot of work, for they have been throwing their orange peel and peanut shells into the fountain and stopping up the work.

The fountain has had to be turned off several times this summer—as it is now—to be cleaned out. But this will be the last time.

Bronze grilles are to be fitted in the basin to catch the litter. A wise plan. But how sad it is that they should be necessary.

From TV, new voices

TELEVISION is creating a new public for lectures. You would have thought it would keep people home. On the contrary, people are filling big halls to hear the men and women they have got to know on TV.

Wilfrid Van Wyck, who used to promote music exclusively, have gone into the lecture business.

Violet Palmer, who has taken over the side of the business, tells me they have arranged five lectures for this autumn at the Royal Festival Hall.

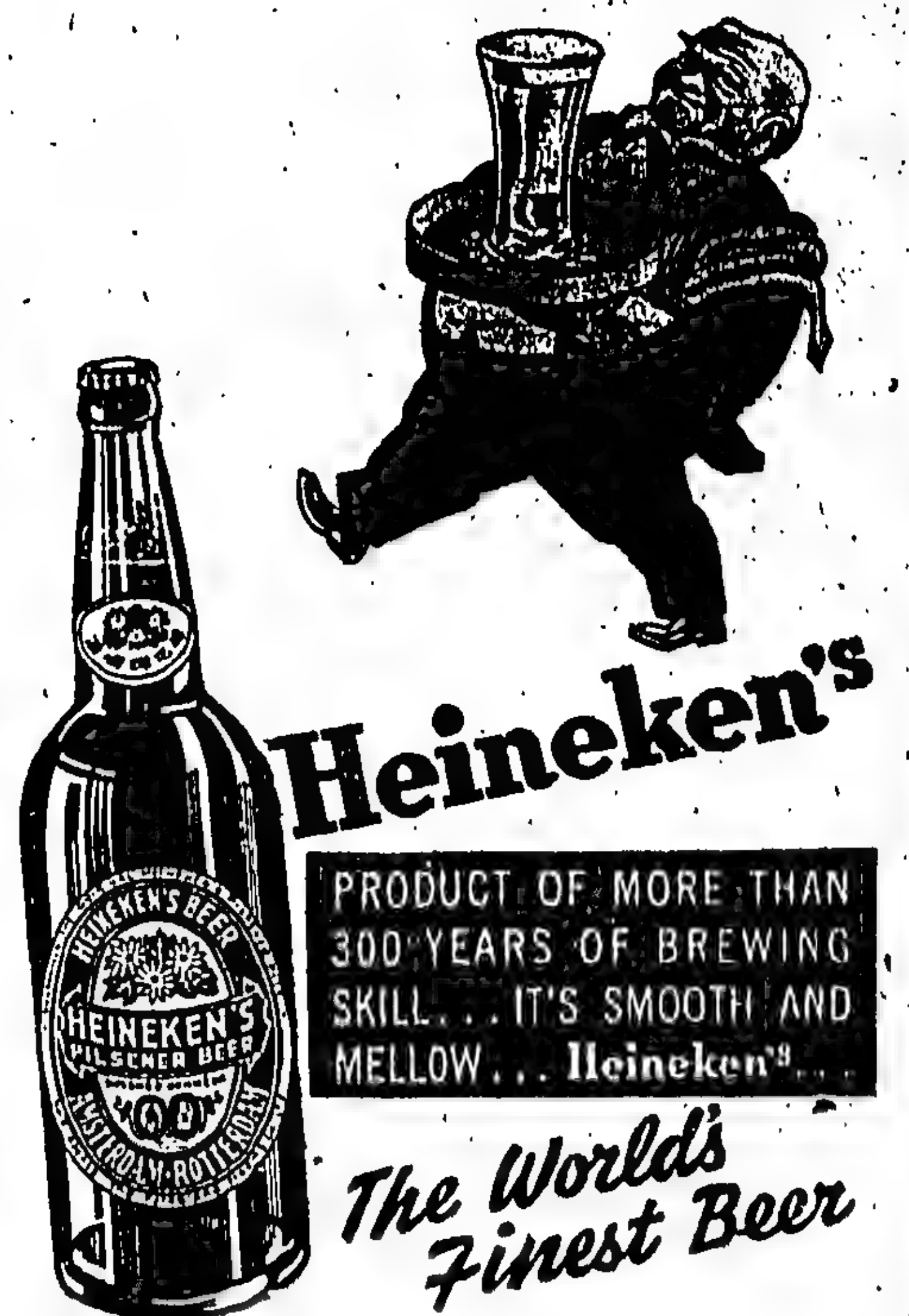
Gilbert Harding is going to talk on the arts: "How to Enjoy Them Without Knowing Too Much About Any of Them."

Lady Barnett, who is 80, will lecture on "The Art of Growing Old."

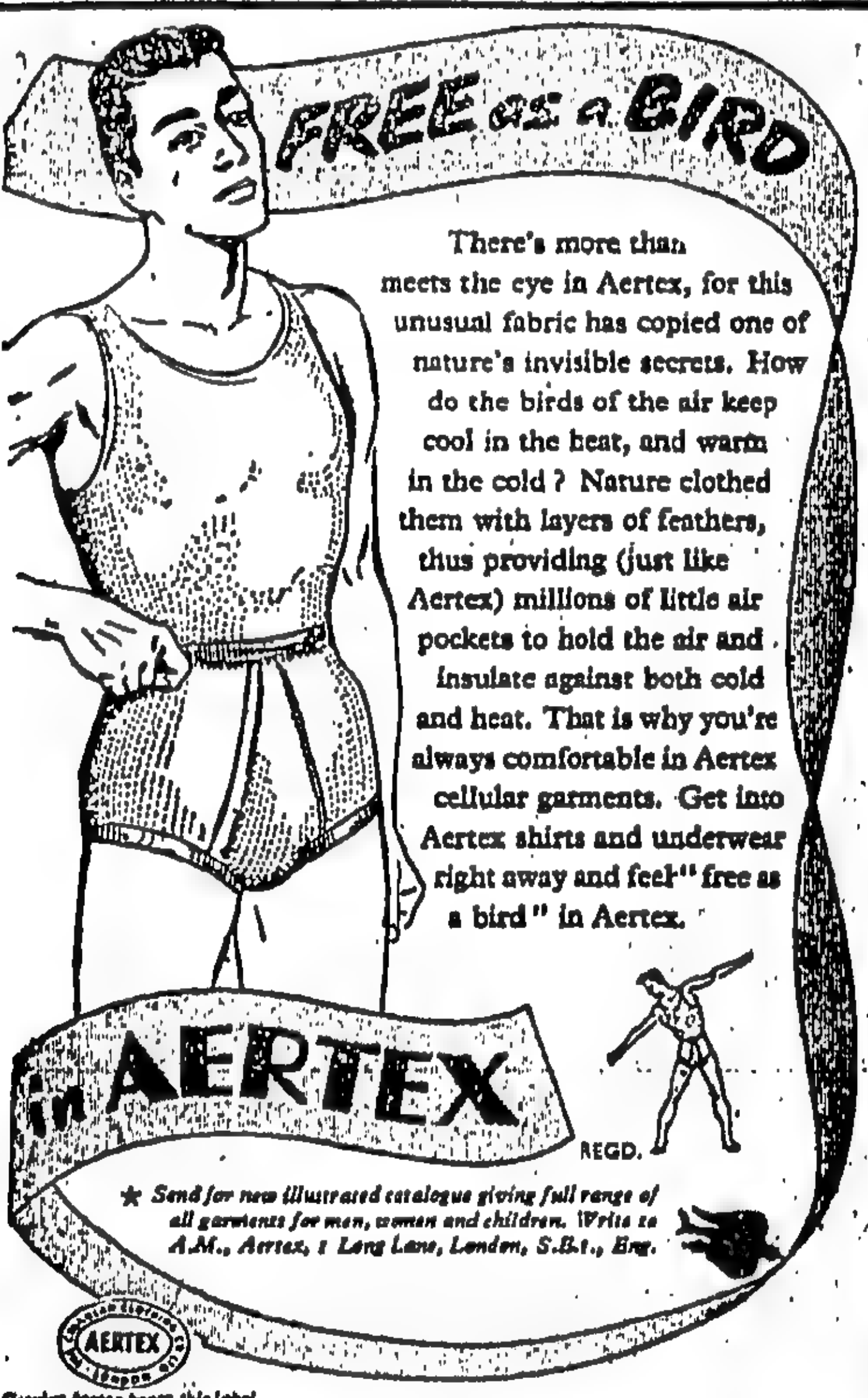
George Lowe, who took part in the Everest climb, will give a report on this year's expedition to the Himalayas. He has brought back pictures of Sir Edmund Hillary, being carried down the mountain when he was taken ill.

Radio made a new public for lectures. It looks as if TV will make a new public for lectures.

Imported from Holland!



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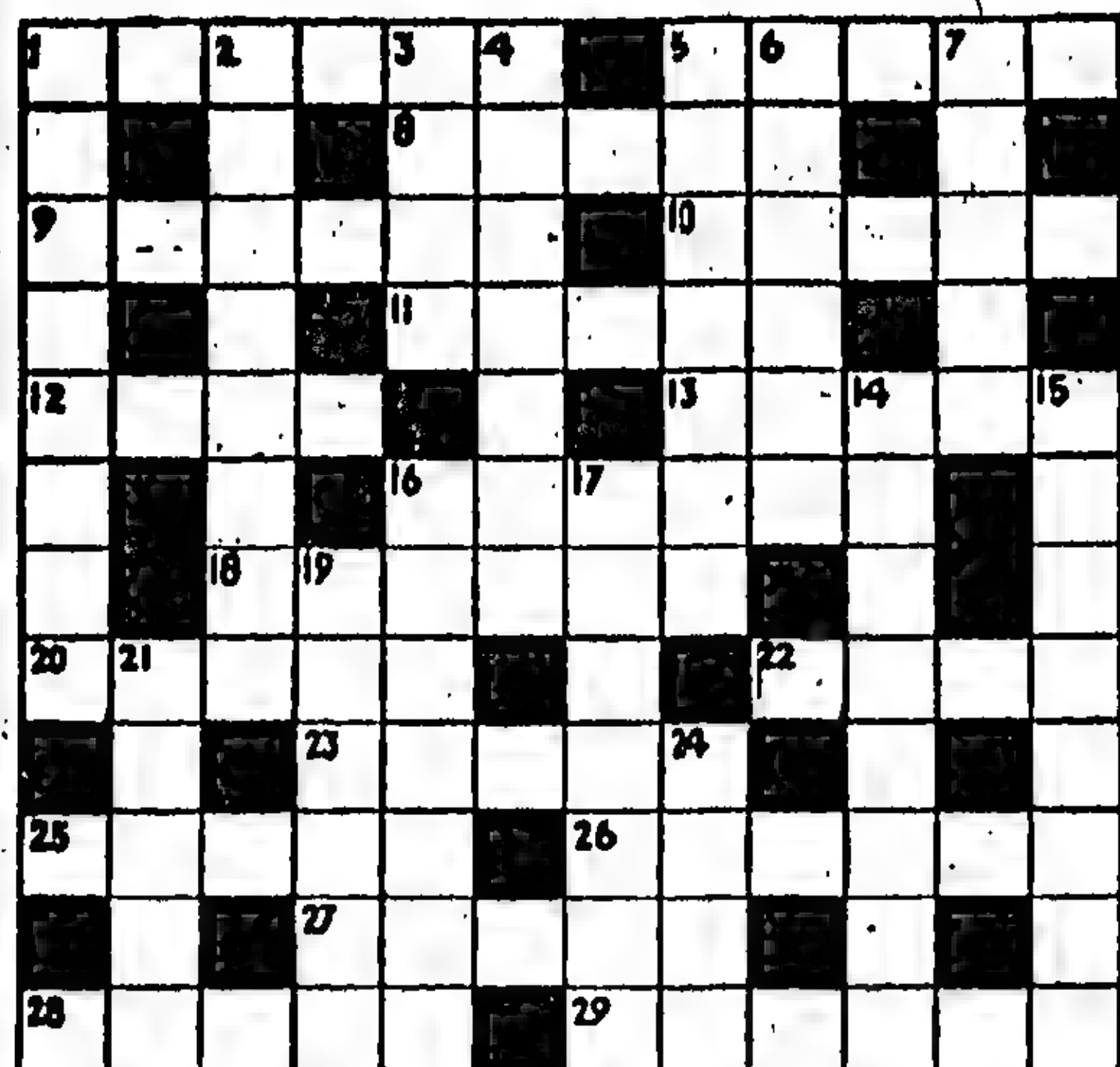


Most girls look like this...



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A British Crossword Puzzle

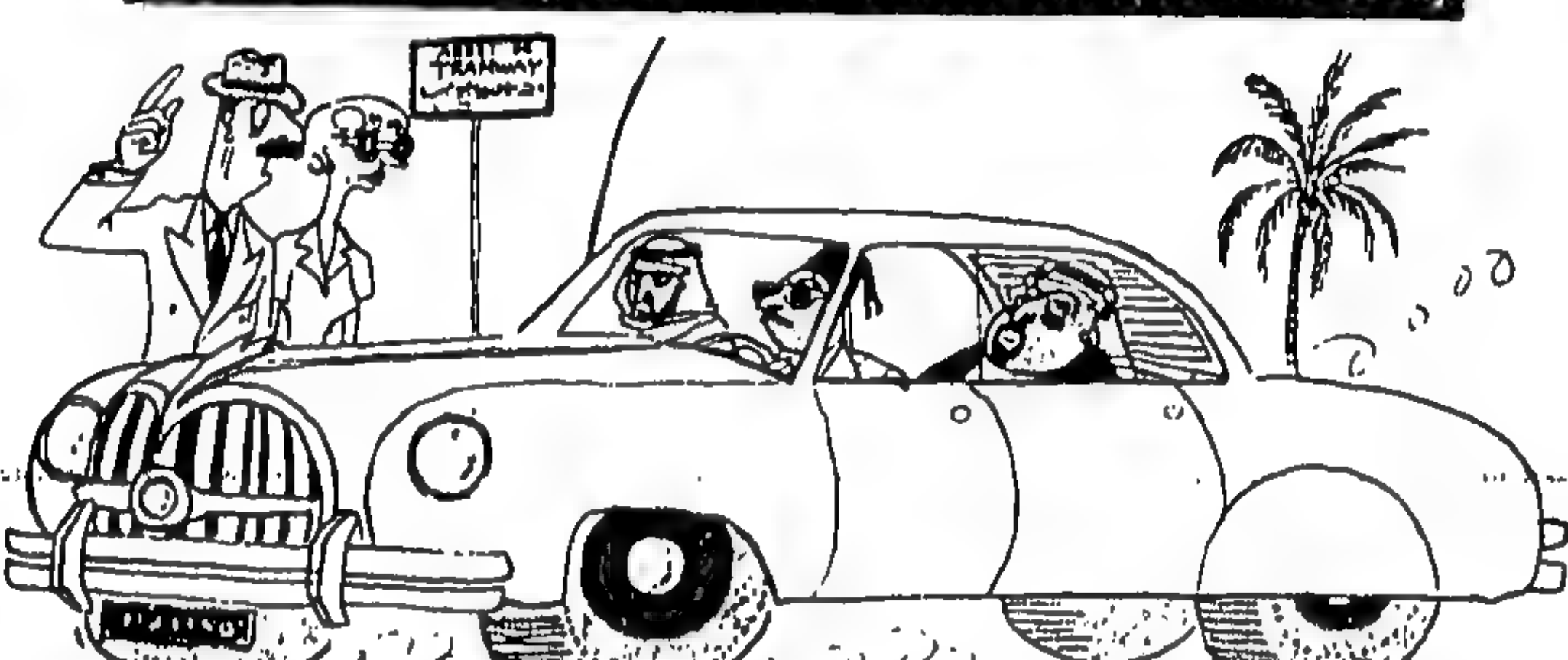


- ACROSS**
- Duplicated (8).
 - Dizzy (5).
 - Uncanny (5).
 - Piece (6).
 - Solitary (5).
 - Feel (5).
 - Egg-shaped (4).
 - Makes supplication (5).
 - Leathery (6).
 - Revised (6).
 - View (5).
 - Vocative discharge (4).
 - Incurious (3).
 - Mad (5).
 - Merited (6).
 - Gem (5).
 - Mount (5).
 - Heavy food (along) (6).
- DOWN**
- Makes up (8).
 - Manner of speaking (8).
 - Sleep (4).
 - Expunges (7).
 - Clutched (7).
 - Loafers (6).
 - Drab (5).
 - Reached (8).
 - Sit astride (8).
 - Ferred (7).
 - Offers (7).
 - Not matured (6).
 - Cunning (5).
 - Condiment (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Acid, 7 Slope, 8 Arid, 9 Bunt, 10 Proceed, 12 Aids, 16 Ugras, 18 Elms, 19 Irons, 21 Naves, 22 Knee, 23 Fleet, 26 Golf, 29 Aerosol, 30 Exit, 31 Fica, 32 Trepid, 33 Tidy, Down: 1 Alarm, 2 Epicure, 4 Crude, 5 Ulla, 6 Risk, 8 Began, 11 Frame, 13 Slice, 14 Bash, 15 Since, 17 Brag, 18 Evil, 19 Jet, 22 Kept, 24 Laird, 25 Live, 26 Oils, 28 Feet.

LADY LITTLEHAMPTON IN THE MIDDLE EAST—3

Osbert Lancaster spreads himself across three columns today



"Kingsley Martin's right! The time has come to reconsider the whole question of our traditional relationship with the non-European peoples."

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

CLOTHES FOR THE DETECTIVES

There's a Sherlock Holmes touch about the Hendon Police College effort to make London detectives clothes-conscious so that they can improve their disguises without wigs, false beards, or dark glasses.

Scotland Yard like to see detectives in natural clothes and looking anything except a CID officer.

The College tutors have many times related the story of ex-detective Ted Collins, a Willshire man who spent years in the Force and was known as "The Farmer." His country-type clothes, West Country accent and rural mannerisms fooled many criminals and earned him the admiration of the Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

Most recruits nowadays favour navy blazers, sport shirts, their old school bag, modern style suits, or bucking jackets. One South London detective recently gave evidence wearing the cloth cap and choker of a barrow boy.

Says a Yard senior detective inspector: "The guys are gone when a plain-clothes man could be spotted a mile away because he wore a uniform under his fawn raincoat."

BEER-TASTERS WON'T DRINK

Eighty-five men at the best of the best British beer will be set before exhibitors at London's Olympia of the Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition, but nary a drop of it will they drink.

They will merely smell it, hold it to the light and take a

slip here and there but not swallow it.

The men are some of Britain's best beer judges and their job is to pick out the championship brews from a record 750 entries.

Here is how the experts seek out a good brew: First hold the beer to the light to examine it for brilliance and polish. Then look for a soft, creamy head that doesn't go off like scum. Next test for nose or aroma—a good beer should have a pleasant aroma.

The last and most important test is for flavour. The beer should not be too sweet, or it won't have the necessary palate fullness. Neither must it be so bitter as to give a rough taste.

FORTUNES IN THE AIR

A quick million? It's easy in the United States. All you have to do is open up a television station and then sell it—al a vast profit.

For a start you get a channel of air from the Government, or rather a licence to use a certain channel. The licence costs nothing. Then you get a licence to sell three dollars. The only snag is you must prove to the licence commission that you have \$250,000 to set up the station.

Well, the United States has almost run out of channels, and now TV stations are being traded just like commodities.

Prices run high. Several have sold for \$3,000,000. Only 70 channels remain to be allocated by the Government. There are 105 applicants for them. Some sharp deals are in the air.

RUSSIAN MUST

In future, according to an announcement by Czechoslovakia's amalgamated Trade Union, no Czech citizen will be allowed to hold any position of importance unless he, or she, can speak fluent Russian. The Union explains that no one can be well versed in up-to-date industrial methods or local government, unless they have read Russian text books!

UNPARALLELED CRIME WAVE

It is not in Chicago, or in London or Berlin, that one may now look for the world's worst crime figures, but in outwardly respectable, even-tempered life in New Zealand. The trial and conviction of the two teenage girls who murdered the mother of one of them have helped to spotlight crime statistics in this country, but figures prove that this case is but a symbol of a nation-wide rot.

New Zealand has a worse crime rate than Britain, France or Germany. In cold, hard figures, the dominion, in proportion to population, has 50 percent more people in prisons, one and a half times as many young people sentenced to Borstal, and twice as many young people sentenced to prison as in Britain.

These appalling figures also show that sex offences are one and a half times more prevalent than in Britain. The fact that punishments are consistently heavier. In short, New Zealand has the worst crime record in the Commonwealth and one far worse than most European countries.

The chief headache is caused by recidivism—the repetition of crimes by an already convicted person. Of 985 convicts serving sentences of more than three months, more than 80 percent have previous convictions.

MAKING RAIN

For the first time in sunny Spanish territory, (apparently still sunny) artificial rain is being used to overcome the effects of prolonged drought. The Moroccan where particles of iodine of silver are being "shot" into the air from the ground to "simulate" the formation of cloud masses.

The worst-hit drought areas are the Rif and the Kert in eastern Morocco, still suffering from a summer-long drought. The effects of the first artificial "rains" are described as "limited".

WASTING NO TIME

An institute for space-ship research is to be established in Stuttgart, Germany. Revealing this, Dr Fritz Geyger, chairman of the German Society for Space Research, adds that the institute is being financed by the West German Government, by the State of Baden-Wuerttemberg and by German industrialists.

At the moment there are no Allied restrictions on the theoretical study of rocket propulsion by Germany although, says Dr Geyger, experiments involving actual rockets will have to wait until the Allied ban on general German aeronautical research is lifted.

Nevertheless, believing that this day won't be far off, the institute is already offering the post of institute director to Dr Eugen Saenger, one of Germany's foremost rocket experts. It was Dr Saenger who helped develop the V-weapons which Hitler unleashed on London.

LORD RUSSELL TILTS AT MAN'S MORALS

But he has a recipe to make the world happy—by A.D. 2954

HUMAN SOCIETY IN ETHICS AND POLITICS. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 15s. 239 pages.

FOR the best part of 60 years Bertrand Russell, like a genial but pessimistic schoolmaster, has been brandishing his cane near the coat-tails of mankind.

How foolishly it was behaving, obeying impulses rather than reason, clinging to obsolete myths instead of following the guidance of clear-headed self-interest. If it did not mend its ways, its fate would be dire indeed.

In his mission, Russell has had a little success as might have been expected and has suffered some ups and downs of fortune.

He is a hereditary nobleman who includes hereditarily among the many things he distrusts. He was sent to prison for defaming the allies of King George V. He received the Order of Merit from King George V's son. He was deprived of a professorship in New York for a book regarded as "lecherous, lewd, lascivious and obscene." He received the Nobel Prize in Stockholm, where a more favourable opinion of his writing prevailed. He has represented human wisdom in its luminous serenity and has been married four times.

A crank

He has been derided as a crank and denounced as a sicbrand. Now, in old age, he is determined that nobody shall treat him with

the humiliating veneration paid to the sage. As nimble in his own way as an elderly dancing master, Russell in his latest book is as lucid and irreverent as ever.

Its subject? Morals and politics. What is right? Why is it right? And what bearing do right and wrong have in the dangerous sphere of public affairs?

Knowing from personal experience that men's opinions about right and wrong are

BOOKS
by **GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON.**

Intensely variable, Russell takes refresh in exposing the diversity of moral codes.

Cannibalism was to the Aztecs, a disgraceable religious duty. Confucius thought that a young man was morally bound to accept a lucrative post in the Chinese civil service since salary and pickings could make his father and mother comfortable in old age.

Naked dancers

The Dukhobors (a religious sect) refuse military service and dance naked round their camp fires. They were persecuted for the first reason in Russia and for the second in Canada. The Amish (a religious sect in Pennsylvania) are filled with a moral abhorrence of buttons.

Mormons will not eat pork. Hindus beef. Manichaeans would tolerate only fish among animal foods. Each defends its diet on grounds of high moral principle.

Even within the same creed, wide divergences of view may be found. Protestant countries condemn cruelty to animals, while Pope Pius IX forbade the formation of a branch of the SPCA in Rome, regarding it as heretical.

Where, then, can firm moral foundations be found? The question is all the harder to answer since Russell rejects Divine authority, is dissatisfied

with conscience and thinks that "sin" is a fallacious concept. Nor is reason all that it was once cracked up to be. He quotes with approval the philosopher Hume, "Reason is and ought to be only the slave of the passions." This is all very well, provided it is a slave to the right sort of passion.

It's shaky

But the passions important in politics, as disclosed by Russell, prove to be an unattractive group: acquisitiveness; rivalry; vanity; above all, the love of power which may be open, as with Napoleon, or secret, as with Baron Hohenstein, who lived in a slum, refused to appear at court on the ground that he had no court dress and guided the Kaiser's foreign policy for 10 years by blackmailing his Chancellor.

At the mercy of such impulses, humanity seems to have little reason for confidence in its future. What then is Russell's recipe for survival? It is an exhortation rather than a hope: if only people will be more tolerant, if only fanaticism (now growing) will abate, if only each nation will decide to put its own happiness before the misery of others then we may survive. And, in the next 1,000 years, a happier state of affairs may emerge.

It is a rather shaky hope but "beyond all reason," Russell clings to it in the last sentence of a book which may stimulate and annoy but is not intended to comfort those fated to live some time in the next 1,000 years. It is, at least, a slight advance on the philosopher's former dictum: "Only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation be safely built."

LIVE AND LET DIE. By Ian Fleming. Cape. 10s. 6d. 240 pages.

RESUMING his exploration of the glossier ranges of espionage, Fleming mixes with expertise a new cocktail compounded of sex, cruelty, danger and secret service know-how.

His James Bond (007 in the appropriate office in London) is sent by his chief, the mysterious "M" to America. There he has the misfortune to be mixed against "Mr Big," a Haitian whose role in the history of Negro emancipation is (to quote his own words) to be the first of the great Negro criminals. Mr Big is also supreme head of the Voodoo cult and a huge, respected operative of the Russian spy ring.

In combating this unamiable personality Bond at one moment enjoys the height of luxury in fabulous hotels, at the next suffers extreme bodily discomfort from the more ingenious lieutenant of Mr Big. His acute, if impersonal, interest in women (which never interferes with his official duties) centres upon a beautiful Creole, whose approach to the life of the cat is in broad accord with Bond's.

In the end, it is a near thing whether Mr Big will be blown up or Bond will be eaten alive by sharks. Bond survives to enjoy with a good conscience and the blessing of "M," the company of his lady love.

Tense, ice-cold, sophisticated; Peter Cheyney, for the carriage trade.

LIBRARY LIST

● **THE OUT OF THE AXE.** By Delmar Jackson. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d. 280 pages. Crime and punishment in a small, corrupt American town. After the rape and murder of a young woman, two innocent vagrants are arrested and "interrogated." It seems certain they will be legally murdered or lynched, victims of the dishonest political web in which the town is caught. But for bad reasons as well as good, events take a different turn. Unpleasant, violent, gripping story, away out of the ordinary for dramatic quality.

● **THE FOUR CONTINENTS.** By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s. 258 pages. In a book constructed with laborious art and written with convoluted grace, Sitwell discourses on the wonders of the world as seen during 40 years of travel. He talks of old masters and modern masters, of American circuses and Italian cities, spins a little fantasy on Hitler's return. Above all, recalls how the hand of his father, Sir George, was sought in marriage by a lady named Sitwell. The woman in Europe. How this lady was married and how later Sitwell came upon his father's correspondence with the lady (certainly revealed by the book) and how a certain Sitwell was married to a certain Sitwell.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Sleeping On The Porch

BY HARRY WEINERT



A CAT FIGHT ISN'T SO BAD IF IT'S A GOOD MOONLIGHT NIGHT AND YOU CAN SEE IT.



THERE ARE WAYS TO GUARANTEE PRIVACY.

WET PAINT

BEWARE OF THE DOG



SWEET ADELINE

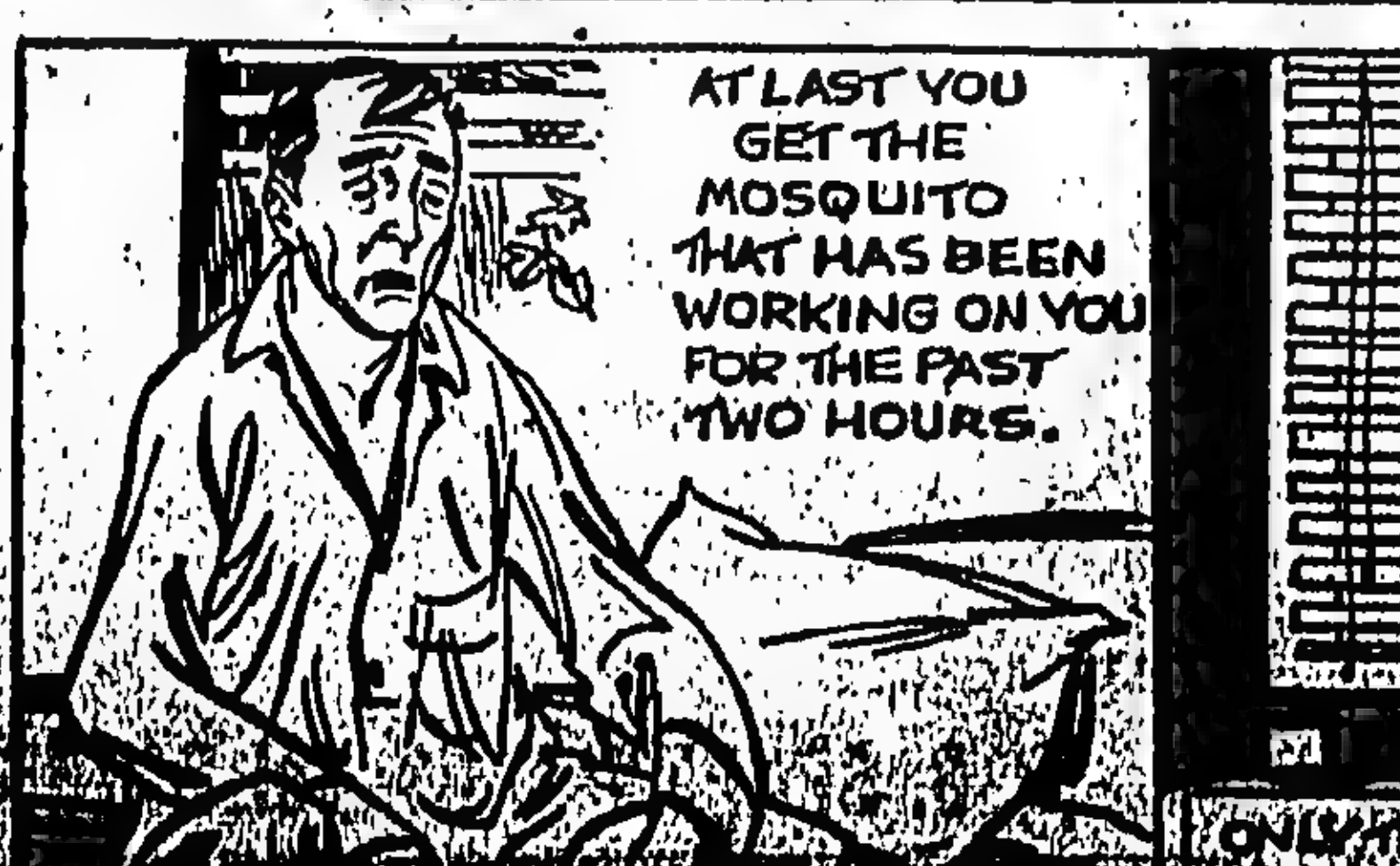
WHEN THE PARTY NEXT DOOR BREAKS UP AT THREE A.M.—WE DON'T MIND HARMONY (?) ON THE NIGHT AIR—IT'S THE IMPATIENT WOMEN HONKING HORNS THAT WE OBJECT TO



DON'T OVER-SLEEP—UNLESS YOU DON'T MIND AN AUDIENCE.



COMES THE DAWN AND THE BIRDS START TO CLEAR THEIR THROATS.



AT LAST YOU GET THE MOSQUITO THAT HAS BEEN WORKING ON YOU FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS.



I SLEPT ON THE PORCH LAST NIGHT!

LOCKED OUT AGAIN—EH?

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Speeches From The Parliamentary Association Dinner Over Radio Hongkong

At 10.15 this evening, Radio Hongkong takes listeners over to the Metropole Restaurant, North Point, to hear speeches from the dinner given by members of the Hongkong branch of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association to the five members of the United Kingdom branch now visiting Hongkong. Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, CBE, will propose the toast to the guests, and he will be followed by the Rt. Hon. Ralph Asheton, Conservative M.P. for West Blackburn.

A sonic 'bang' introduces the story of Squadron Leader Duke, DSO, OBE, DFC, AFC, now chief Test Pilot of the Hawker Aircraft company, on Tuesday evening at 9.30 in a feature programme produced by the BBC called "Through the Sound Barrier".

Squadron Leader Duke himself will be heard in this programme, and there are scenes adapted from his book "Test Pilot", which he wrote in collaboration with Alan W. Mitchell. The story is narrated by Edward Ward, and the script and production were by Marjorie Banks.

The play to be heard in this week's Wednesday Theatre is "The Spanish Tragedy" by the Elizabethan dramatist Thomas Kyd. He wrote this revenge play at the time when Shakespeare and Marlowe were both young and impressionable, and many experts believe that "The Spanish Tragedy" and its employment of blank verse foreshadowed "Hamlet", there in for instance the play within a play, demanding stabbings which old Hieronimo (the central figure) translates into fact.

Despite its crudities, "The Spanish Tragedy" is a play of immense interest, and has been described as 'Kyd's noble adventure', and its author as 'The Columbus of English drama'. This play is a BBC production, and the part of Hieronimo, Marshall of Spain, is played by the late Cecil Trueman.

LETTER FROM AMERICA

Allister Cook resumes his 'Letter from America' series this week, and can be heard after the news at 1.30 this afternoon. A naturalised American citizen, Allister Cook is a most able interpreter of the American scene, and in all his writings and broadcasts it is evident that he is equally well disposed towards America and the country of his birth, Britain.

There will be two 'live' recitals this week from the Concert Hall. The first one, on Wednesday at 8.30, will be given by a promising young violinist, Hu Kwong, who will be making his debut on the air on this occasion. He will play two pieces by Kreisler, "Andantino" and "La Procureuse", and "Legend" by Wieniawski.

The second recital this week comes at 8.15 on Friday, when Miss Cheng Shuo-ling, soprano, will sing a programme of Western and Chinese songs.

"FLEET FINGERS"

On the lighter side of music, Radio Hongkong has pleasure in introducing Geoffrey Thornley, a Chaplain in the Royal Navy who will be playing a programme of popular music on the piano on Monday at 8.15 p.m. which he has called "Fleet Fingers".

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

- 12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
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Indians Should Win The Third Division Title This Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

Indian Recreation Club, who are practically assured of the Second Division Lawn Bowls League title, will have an excellent opportunity of bringing off the double when they clash with the Filipino Club in their final Third Division match this afternoon.

A 4-1 victory over USRC by the Indians during the week has put them 1½ points ahead of the Filipinos and with this lead they have only to stop their rivals from scoring a 4-1 win to annex the Third Division title.

The Filipino wood-pushers are a fighting lot but nerves may let them down as the Indians are more immune to this condition than their opponents.

Although the Filipinos won by 4-1 in the first match, it is extremely doubtful if they can repeat that performance this afternoon. A good crowd of supporters from both clubs will be there to root for their teams, and whatever the result, a fine close game is anticipated.

Only two First Division matches are scheduled for this afternoon. The KDC-Police match at Hunghom will be mainly a social affair as the Dockmen are well stuck already in the rut of relegation.

MORE INTERESTING

The other match between KRCG and Crailgenpower at Austin Road will be a more interesting affair. Both Clubs are putting up their best teams, and special interest will be focused on the KRCG rink of F. Francis, F. Howarth, M. E. Purvis and A. Harvey who are already in the final of the Colony Open Rink competition.

This should be further heightened if Harvey's rink is drawn against that of J. S. Lundell who is well in the running for the top position in the League table.

Although the official bowls season will be over very soon with the play-off of all the finals of the open events, there will probably be a good extended period this year, with the welcome introduction of the

A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE GAME ASKS WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR LOCAL TENNIS?—OR WHAT'S RIGHT WITH IT?

What's wrong with our local tennis? Or should the question be what's right with it?

During the last two weeks we have seen the entry lists for the Colony Ladies' Singles and Doubles and the Mixed Doubles lined down to the semi-finals in all cases and to the final pair in the Singles and the writer now proceeds to lay himself open to the risk of assault and battery by saying that it is doubtful if there is more than one player under the age of thirty left in the tournament.

It's a solemn thought that Maureen Connolly captured all the leading singles titles in America and Europe when she was just over half that age and that she was, even before her recent injury, considering retirement to rest on her laurels and get married at the ripe old age of twenty, or is it nineteen?

Hand and Roosevelt of Australia have been described as burned out before they reached the age of being allowed their own front door key and between them they also have in the past few years captured practically every little worth having.

Where, then, are our Champions of tomorrow? Who is looking after them and bringing them on? And if they are not being brought on properly what is the HKLTA doing about it?

Can anybody imagine what would be the situation if the HKLTA arranged one of these Exhibition matches which they do when one of the various groups of world class players pass through on their way from one tournament to another, and the TPA, TPA, and K.C. Dao were not available?

Promising players could have been spotted at the right age and might by now have been placed under the wing of some really experienced player or players so that they could be brought on now instead of having to learn the hard and wrong way by catering to tournaments and being a sort of chopping block for the current champions until such time as the latter get to an age where they can no longer wield the axe.

MUST BE FORTIFIED

If our standard of tennis is to be maintained, let alone improved, it must be fortified by the proper training of young players now because waiting for them to knock the current champions is a policy which must inevitably lead downhill.

The record books show that it has been customary for our champions to reign too long and the policy should surely be to get somebody set up as the champion and then to look around immediately for somebody to knock the champion off his pedestal at the earliest opportunity.

Perhaps the Lo brothers, Norman and Donald, will give local tennis a shot in the arm when they return from their studies in England, certainly Ma, Lu, and Ho of CRC could, if properly groomed now (not next year or the year after), come very near, if not right to the top. The main thing is to get something done at once.

Another feature of local tennis into which the HKLTA might poke an enquiring nose is the Summer League. Is it really good for tennis?

We admit that the original aim and purpose of the League was more for social than for tennis standard purposes. Play-off events can be started next year and I am sure there will be many who will vie for the honour of becoming Hongkong's first lady champion bowler should the event be instituted next season.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
KBGC v. CCC.
KDC v. PRC.

Second Division
KBGC v. IRC.

Third Division
IRC v. FRC.
USRC v. HKFC.

IT'S THE BIT OF IRISH IN THEM

Like many another great fighter, James J. Braddock was intensely proud of his Irish blood. Here, in the second article of this series ALAN HOBY tells of the fight with Joe Louis that cost Braddock the world title.

Battling Cinderella—Braddock Lost His Title To A Brown Fury

Fifty thousand people are packed into Comiskey Park, Chicago, Round the stadium more than 1,000 police stand on guard manning high-pressure hoses. Hundreds more patrol the side streets.

For tonight—June 22, 1937—James J. Braddock, idol of all Irish-Americans, is fighting Joe Louis, a young Negro from Detroit, for the Heavyweight Championship of the World—and the authorities fear riots.

Not only is Comiskey Baseball Park in the centre of one of the most thickly-populated coloured districts of the States, but Louis is an overwhelming favourite. If he beats Braddock, the Champion will be the first coloured heavyweight to hold the crown since Jack Johnson.

Into this explosive atmosphere steps Braddock, boxing's "Cinderella man" to defend the title which he won barely two years before from Max Baer in the biggest fight upset of the decade.

There is a stirring and bustling as Braddock, who is eight years Louis's senior, is against 23 stands under the searching glare of the arc lamps. As his square-jawed Irish face is caught by the light, the ringmen among them ex-champions Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney—trapezoid forward to examine the man who has one of the most fantastic careers in boxing.

For not so long before, James J. Braddock, champion of the world, was down and out....

FOUGHT POVERTY

All his life, Braddock fought poverty. As a boy he "rode the rods" and fought in the streets. He was big and strong for his age, and it was in these gang brawls that he first discovered his power of punch.

He was proud—intensely proud—of his Irish blood. Braddock, who was born in the old "Hell" kitchen quarter of New York, once declared—

"Some people have been saying behind my back that I am not Irish. Let them say it to my face and they will see...."

Braddock's parents were American immigrants of Irish stock. His father, Joseph Braddock, was a Manchester policeman, born in Mullingar, Stockport. His mother rejoiced in the Irish name of O'Toole—Elizabeth O'Toole, speaking of his parents, Braddock said—

"There is not one drop of any blood but Irish in the veins of either of them."

Why did Braddock call the "Cinderella Man"? Because after being broke he came back to win the world heavyweight title—and the Americans love a fighter, because, after knowing him and his family, he refused to quit and fought back to the top.

Braddock had already retired from the ring when he lost his savings in the Wall Street crash. To earn "a few bucks" to prevent his family from starving, Braddock became a truck driver, janitor, beggar. He heaved railway sleepers to pick up a dollar or two. He did any dirty, ill-paid job going.

But none of these occupations brought him a living. One day, sick at heart, he applied for relief. "They gave me \$3 a month for my wife and three children," he recalled grimly years later.

So desperate did things become in the time of the great depression that Braddock's manager, Joe Gould, poured his watch for \$7 to pay his fighter's milk bill. Milk, food (mostly corned beef hash) rent, gas, light—all these had to be paid for. But what then?

NEAR QUITTING

Hungry, they say, makes champions, but one night Braddock, the top-rated fighter, the patient, poker-faced boxer, almost decided to quit for good.

"I hadn't paid the rent of my three-room flat," he said, "I was sick with worry. I had been walking the streets of New York for hours trying to find a way out."

SCIENTIFIC SLAUGHTER

It was scientific slaughter; cold-hearted punching straight out of the encyclopedia of boxing.

But one quality Louis could not quench—the Irish-American's fighting heart. In the third round Braddock, still carrying the fight, had his lips cut inside and out by Louis's murderous jab and hooks.

In the fourth his legs were almost unhinged by a sledge-hammer right.

In the fifth, Louis took the champion's best punches without flinching and then nearly decapitated him with a right.

Nevertheless, the fifth was Braddock's best. Irish hopes blazed heaven-high as he landed three rights to the Negro's head. He also bloodied Louis's nose with a stinging left. The crowd began to shout and sway as Braddock caught Louis again with two blinding rights—one to Louis's reddened nose and the other to his brown chin.

The "old man" had gained. "Good old Ireland," shouted the ringmen. But, alas, it was only a fighting rally. The champion was finished. His gambit had failed—and suddenly the spectators were screaming like a bull fight crowd at the sight of blood.

Louis, moving like a tiger, had staggered Braddock with another right. He opened up the gash above Braddock's left eye. Then the Negro drove the wobbling Irish-American half-way across the ring, smashing home right-handers until Braddock was on the verge of collapse.

This was it—links and the end of a fantastic ring career. Somehow Braddock, lashed by other rounds, in the eighth he was overwhelmed by the flailing brown fury. For 60 seconds Louis fought with pure venom. Two whiplash lefts smote into Braddock's stomach.

Another terrific jab rocked his head back. Goaded and determined, the Irish-American tried a haymaker. As he did so he dropped his guard and Louis crashed a right flush on the jaw. Braddock went down. His face mashed, the fallen champion lay unconscious as the referee tolled ten seconds. Joe Louis was the new Heavyweight Champion of the world.

An hour later, still dazed, his face a maze of adhesive tape, the battered ex-champion was quietly off to his hotel where his wife was waiting.

He had fought his best. He had switched his style three times during the fight in vain.

That night all Harlem rioted in celebration of Louis's victory. In New York's Negro belt, night clubs blazed with light, orchestras played till dawn and thousands of half-hysterical coloured folk danced, shouted, and revelled in the streets.

If you were to ask Braddock, I think the episode he prized most after it was all over, came from his youthful conquest when Louis said—

"Braddock was one of the smartest men I ever fought. I was mighty proud to win that title."

Today James J. Braddock, the American who was so proud of his Irish stock, owns a trucking company in North Bergen, New Jersey.

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POP

WHERE IS THE MAN WHO SWOOPED OFF MY FEET TWENTY TWO YEARS AGO?

ILL SHOW YOU

OH NO!

IF YOU LIKE UNLIEFABLE LADY LIKE ME!

Flashback

Don't think your night—

FIRST INSIDE THE PLASTIC-COVERED NET



A shot by Slater, Wolverhampton Wanderers' right-half, eludes Charlton Athletic goalkeeper Sam Bartram (seen diving behind post) and scores Wolves' first goal in the First Division match at the Valley. It was also the first goal scored in Charlton's new white plastic-covered goal nets.

Bartram's first comment on the white nets earlier in the week was: "I do not like them. They draw attention to the goal, which is not good for goalkeepers. But it is the same for both sides, I suppose."—Reuterphoto.

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Against These Batsmen Bowling Is Hard Work

Many times I have been asked what it is like to bowl against the great batsmen of the world—men like Sir Donald Bradman, Len Hutton, Denis Compton, Frankie Worrell, Everton Weekes, Vinoo Mankad, Bert Sutcliffe and Dudley Nourse. In two words the answer is: "It's hard work."

And when the pitch favours the batsman it becomes something of a nightmare. Even the best bowlers the world has produced (the Lindwalls and O'Reillys) cannot hope for much once the master batsman is set and seeing the ball well on a true pitch.

A great batsman will hit anything not of perfect length and direction and generally his timing is so perfect and his placing of the ball so exact that he can defeat the most carefully set field.

I played against Bradman when he was approaching the end of his amazing career but even then he was well-nigh impossible to bowl a good length to him. I cannot recall any opponent scoring from so many balls and when he was batting the scoring rate never slackened. He tried to get off the mark quickly with a single and soon I would notice his score was around ten. The next time I would look and see forty against his name! It was uncanny.

FA SECRETARY'S TIPS TO YOUNG FOOTBALLERS

Sir Stanley Rous, popular England Football Association Secretary, gives some useful advice to young footballers in a handbook published this month. His tips:

- (1) Make yourself master of the ball—be able to do what you will with it.
- (2) Learn to kick with both feet, to trap the ball in as many different ways as possible and to shoot straight and true.
- (3) See that you are fit enough to keep running throughout the whole game with speed and determination. — (London Express Service.)

What made Bradman a genius was not only the number of runs he scored but the fast time in which he made them. So often in his heyday he gave the Australian bowlers runs and time to play with.

Even in 1948 Bradman could play havoc with first-class bowling.

SUCCESSIVE BOUNDARIES

Against Essex at Southend the day the Australians scored 721—the highest total in one day's cricket—Bradman hit three successive boundaries from the leg-break bowling of Peter Smith, an England cap. Smith asked Tom Pearce, his captain, if he could move a man from the leg side to fill the gap in the covers. Bradman turned to Frank Vigar, Essex wicket-keeper, and said: "This means I shall have to hit the rest of the over to the legside." And so he did. How can a captain set a field for such a man?

To bowl a maiden to Don was a major accomplishment. Much the same could be said about Denis Compton in his prime. His great year was 1947 and I remember Surrey's fast bowler Alit Governor trying to curb Denis when "Middlesex" wanted runs quickly. Five times in one over Denis ran down the pitch and belted Alit to the boundary.

Poor Alit decided to drop an extra fast ball outside the off stump. As usual Denis advanced down the pitch and, finding his originally intended drive impossible, stopped and cut the ball late for a perfect boundary. It was breathtaking.

In another match that summer—for the Champion County against the Rest—Denis fell over when facing Tom Goddard, the Gloucestershire off-spinner. Yet while lying on the ground he swept an off-springer to the ropes. "Now's the time for us to give up," grinned Goddard ruthlessly, "they can hit me sitting down!"

NEVER FORGET

Frank Worrell, the West Indian, made a stroke I shall never forget against England at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, in 1950. He went down the wicket to Roy Jenkins, the Worcester-shire leg-break bowler but found the ball too short to drive. So he lay back and hit him over long leg for a huge six. Believe me, it was not a bad ball and a normal batsman would have been content to treat it defensively.

Weekes and Worrell are the most punishing pair I have bowled against. For they were not confined to the orthodox. Like all men of genius with the bat Bradman, Compton, Worrell and Weekes, had oceans of time to spare in playing their strokes.

Obviously they see the ball earlier and therefore longer than the average batsman. They are thus able to get their feet and body into the proper position. Being ready to make strokes so quickly they are able to force runs from deliveries which the normal batsman is able only to stop.

Yes, it's hard work bowling against giants like these!

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

IN SEVEN MORE DAYS THE NEW SOCCER SEASON WILL BE UNDER WAY

By I. M. MacTAVISH

In seven more days the mighty whistle will blow and a new football season will be underway. Already the air in Hongkong's soccer alley is strong with the smell of dubbin, embrocation, and the perspiration of players striving for that illusive fitness that the great game of football demands.

Many of the clubs are making frantic efforts to be in the best possible position to ensure a successful season. The annual "All-in" . . . "stop-at-nothing" . . . tussle for top-line talent is, of course, in full swing. This year it has been carried out to the accompaniment of violent attack and counter-attack in the Chinese press and, having studied a comprehensive collection of cartoons and interpretations of articles on the subject, I cannot help but come in whole-hearted support of those who are asking the Hongkong Football Association to investigate the situation.

In the covering letter which came to me with the collection of cartoons the writer made the remark that tragedy and comedy are often very close together. . . and I have to admit that if the background to this subject was not so tragic in a sporting sense then some of the cartoons could certainly be regarded as very funny indeed.

The Football Association, with its new Chairman and what looks to be a strong and resourceful Council, should not allow the present chronic situation to persist without comment. If experience has shown that the alleged annual battle for star players cannot be stopped under the present legislation then surely it would be better to consider alternative ways and means of bringing it within controlled limits rather than hold a book of regulations in one hand, do a "Nelson" act of investigation with a telescope in the other, and declare "I see no elips."

It is an old and wise saying that where there's smoke there's fire. . . and of course where there is fire one calls out the brigade. . . In this case the local association is the brigade. . . The alarm is sounding loudly. . . It may be false, it may be true, but the only way to check up is to have a thorough on-the-spot investigation without delay.

SENSIBLE INSTRUCTION

Regular readers of this column will recall an article I wrote on February 6 of this year and which appeared under the heading "Should a Referee Tell. . .". This contribution dealt with the position of the field when the referee awarded an indirect free kick.

The incident under comment arose in the Hongkong-Kooge Boldklub series when Lee Tse-tai, an indirect free-kick specialist, tried to score direct as he was not aware of the nature of the award.

At the time I said that, if only to prevent confusion, the referee should give some indication of the nature of the decision he was making. The referee in that particular game countered that suggestion with the remark "Why should I tell the players. . . if they really knew the rule they would understand the award."

In view of this incident I have read with particular interest a most imposing and instructive document issued by the Federation Internationale de Football Association. The publication is titled "Compilation of Decisions of the International FA Board and Interpretations given by the Referee's Committee of FIFA."

This little book is a storehouse of valuable information

and I quote a complete item which appears on Page 17:

DECISION OF THE 24th JANUARY, 1954.

When the referee awards an indirect free-kick he shall do so by raising his right arm: this signal shall precede the blowing of his whistle; no signal being required in case of a direct free-kick.

This is, I believe, a most sensible instruction and one which will prevent many of the bouts of confusion and uncertainty that have previously arisen when an indirect free-kick has been awarded. It is an instruction that is advantageous to players and spectators alike and it is to be hoped that the Hongkong Football Referees' Association will give serious consideration to its introduction here. . . that is, of course, if they have not already done so.

Local football folk will be interested to hear that Mr Jack Skinner hopes to take his place as the Far Eastern representative when the FIFA Executive Committee holds its next meeting in Europe on November 18. This will be Mr Skinner's first attendance at the Executive since his election earlier this year and it is understood that he intends to make a round air trip to be present.

This trip will also give Mr Skinner an opportunity to join in the very special celebrations that are being planned to mark the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the Swedish Football Association. These celebrations are being staged from November 18 to 22 and it will be

most satisfying to know that the Colony will be represented at this unique football occasion.

REFRESHING

Sometimes there is a good story tucked away among the "news" items in the Colony journals but unfortunately it is often very difficult to collect all the facts. This is due mainly to the fact that the little clubs are playing the game for the game's sake and do not court publicity.

In casual conversation the other day one who is closely connected with Jardine's team mentioned that he had noticed a very definite spirit of determination that the team should do well this season. He attributes this to the fact that star goalkeeper John Taylor has all the qualifications to claim a place in First Division soccer and it seems that several of his teammates felt that he would be playing in the premier sphere this season. . . and according to my informant they had also decided that if this was so, they too would try and join a club in a higher grade.

I have been assured that Taylor's departure would have been a serious blow to his team, but I am now assured too that he has no intention to chase the publicity that goes with a place in a First Division side. . . and of course with him in the Jardines team will be those others who might also have left the club.

It's a refreshing story of loyalty to one's club. . . a story very different from many of those that are going the rounds at the present time.

The Fans Are Behind Arsenal's Moscow Trip In October

Despite Arsenal's poor start to the 1954-55 season — they lost three successive matches — they should still go to Moscow to play their arranged fixture with a Russian club side on October 5.

That is the overwhelming vote of English soccer fans who responded to questions posed by the London "Evening Standard".

The newspaper asked:— Should Arsenal go to Moscow?

Should some other club go? Should Arsenal include guest players from other British clubs?

Eighty per cent were in favour of Arsenal carrying on as planned; 15 per cent said the club should be replaced by

another or by a representative side; only five per cent believed that Arsenal should go, strengthened by guest players.

In his reply, Mr J. Haines of London, wrote: "As an anti-Arsenal fan of many seasons' standing, and experience has taught me that if there is one team who can rise—drat!—to a special occasion, it is the Gunners."

Commented Mr. F. Jarvis, North London: "Arsenal should go, and without substitutes. In May, I saw their (probable) opponents, Dynamo, play 'Sparks' in Moscow, at the beginning of the Russian football season. Arsenal just could not be that bad! They served up Third Division stuff; and I doubt if they can yet match Arsenal's shaky start-of-season standard."

"FOR MORAL REASONS" Mr A. H. Fabian believed that for moral reasons, as well as practical, Arsenal should go as arranged. "You as well know that in England we keep our bargains, and do not play matches only when we think we are certain to win."

Giving the opposite view, an Eastbourne reader declared: "The team that goes must be the strongest League team that we can send. The prestige of English football must be regained if possible, and to suffer defeat now would do more harm than good."

Anthony Gordon summed up the feelings of many with the words: "Of course Arsenal must go. And without any guest players. Anyway, Tom Wallis, Arsenal manager, has said they will go. That's what the fans want. Let's hope they can do it."

BRITISH and Best

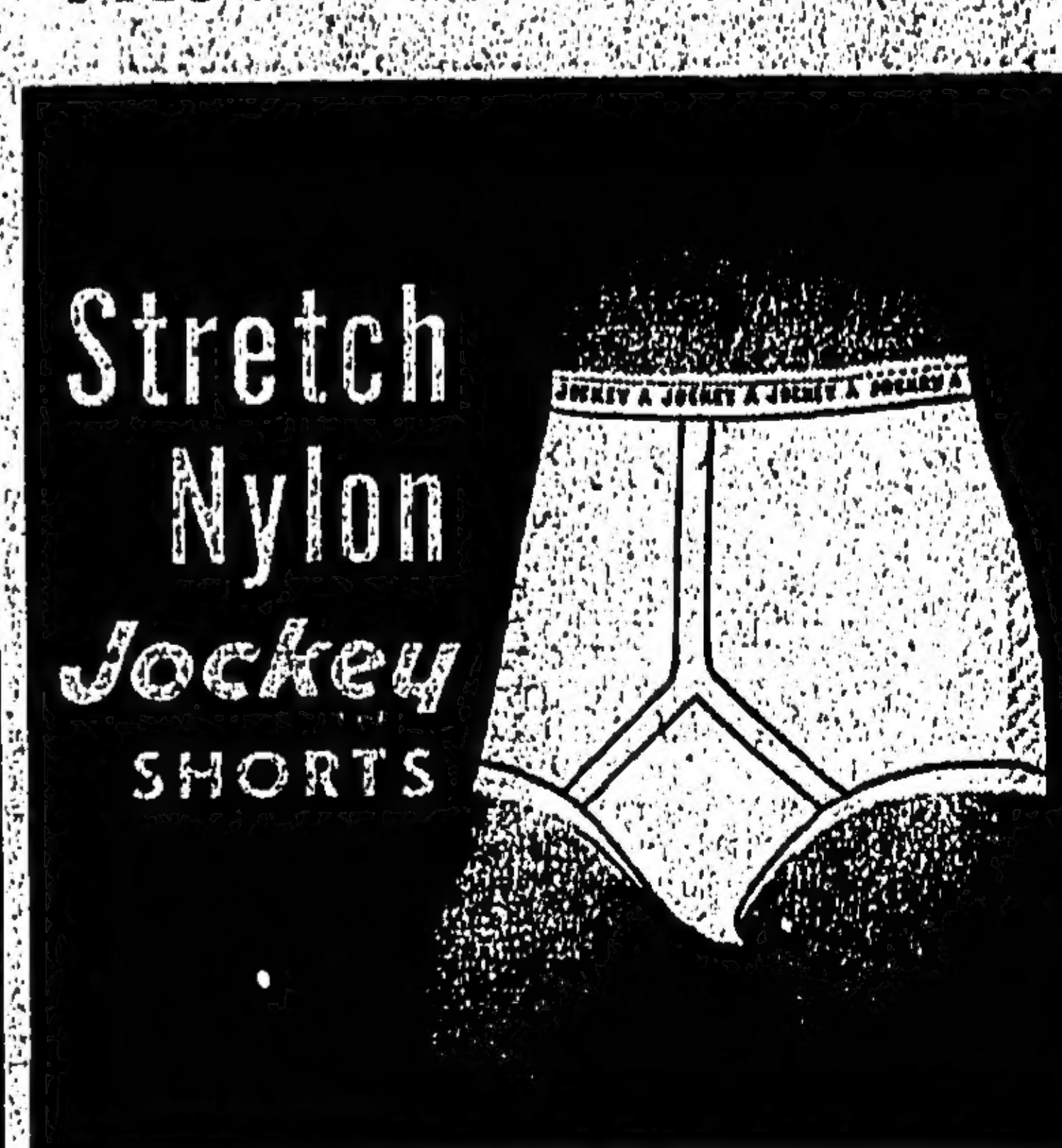


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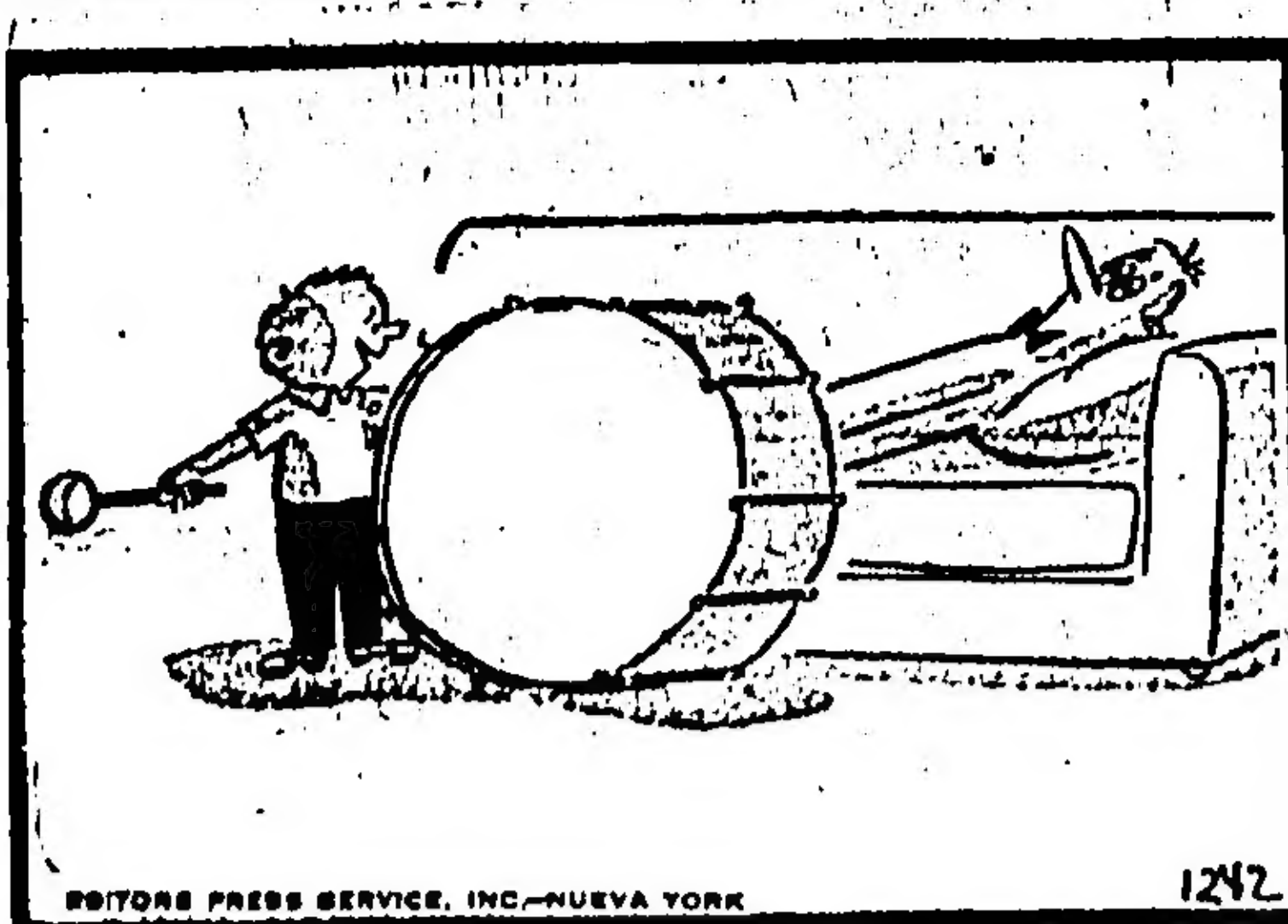
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



Surf
washes every-
thing cleaner
than anything



".....and then comes my solo part!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

DORN today, you are essentially an independent soul but, while you cannot be driven against your will, you can be easily influenced by someone you admire or love. You are an optimist and, no matter how rugged the going may be, you are always sure that tomorrow will be better! You are, however, temperamental and moody at times and need to guard against letting self-pity consume you when in one of your low moods. You will discover that often health has a great deal to do with these moods—and keeping a robust constitution will go a long way toward erasing them from your life.

Your life is not apt to be an easy one, but the stars have given you sufficient talent for you to be able to make a living at any number of things. Your versatility will always get you a job. If you are to become outstanding, you must learn to concentrate on some one thing and stick to it. You do have a stubborn streak in your nature and, once you get set on something, you are "set."

Your emotional nature is deep, but you are inclined not to display your true feelings except to those who are very close to you. With the selection of a sympathetic and understanding mate, your marriage can be an especially happy one. You may not wed until rather late in life, for your ideals in matrimony are high—and not very realistic.

Among those born on this date are: Samuel Johnson and John T. Trowbridge, authors; Henry Clay Ide, jurist; and Greta Garbo, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Take care of your health. It is important that you conserve your energies. You will need them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Don't try to do too much today. Some rest and relaxation are called for now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Relaxation and recreation, out of doors if possible, should be your objective today.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Not one of your best days. Guard against an accident, especially if driving in heavy traffic.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—An unlooked-for setback in your ambition can be compensated if only you are forewarned! Be on guard.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't plan too much activity for today. It would be wiser to get some much-needed rest.

BORN today, you have a good head for business and would probably succeed if you had your own retail store. You are not the type to like working for others and you should get out on your own at the earliest possible opportunity. You are one who could start on the proverbial shoestring and make a fortune. You are fond of the theatre and might be a director or producer. The films, radio or television might also offer you a career opportunity, for you will be happiest if your business has an element of the artistic in it.

Since your ambitions are high, and your willingness and ability to work hard is unlimited, you should go far. You have the ability, also, to get people to work with and for you. You supply the plan—others do the work. This is as you wish, for you are by nature an executive and, while you know how to do the detail work, you do not enjoy it. You expect those who work with you to labour as hard as you do. But when it is time to pass around the dividends, you always see that everyone has a commensurate reward!

Attractive to members of the opposite sex, you will likely have more than one opportunity to wed. Select someone who concurs in your ambitions and you will make an unusually effective team.

Among those born on this date are: William B. Astor, financier; Louis Vance, author; Andrew Pickens, general in the American Revolution; and John S. Crosby, early Montana Governor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't try out a new idea today. Most of the stars are smiling. Best to keep to your regular but you must be careful not to routine. Success comes that way!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Business matters are fine. Just be careful, if you are making important calculations, to avoid a minor slip.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Worry won't help, even if things appear a little mixed up. Take problems calmly, one by one, and solve them.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day for love and romance. You may make or receive a proposal that brings great happiness.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If your method is clear-cut and carefully worked out, minor difficulties of execution will all disappear.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—All should be able to conserve their strength for the strenuous front—your most important thing—let us know. As you know, let us get early start for the best results (large profits).

CROSSWORD

Across

1. First of more than 100,000 (12)
2. Green MIG coming out! (9)
3. This way, please.
4. A spot of it is a sore (6)
5. The care of them, says the proverb (6)
6. Force (6)
7. Learner (6)
8. Sound and make money (10)
9. A hole in the most of a heap of (6)
10. The animal went in this way (12, 2)
11. Do you become one by taking (12)
12. Jewel? (7, 5)

Down

1. The polar net for a change (12)
2. Headquarters of the two goes into 12 Across (10)
3. The animal comes after the other (6)
4. It's quite an occasion (6)
5. Is a hole the right one for this bird? (6)
6. He makes the sweetness of it (12, 2)
7. The second half goes through the first to bring about a partner (4, 6)
8. Road one often gets a good (6)
9. Things in this often develop a good pastime (6)
10. Out (12, 2)

Answers to last week's crossword puzzle are on page 10.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

This Game Search Will Seldom End

By OSWALD JACOBY

THE bidding is usually a search for a trump suit in which you and your partner together hold eight cards. When the partnership hands include no eight-card suit, it is sometimes necessary to be satisfied with a trump suit in which the combined holding is only seven cards. In this case, a 5-2 suit (five trumps in one hand and two in the partner's hand) is usually sought.

There are times, however, when a 4-3 trump suit should be preferred to a 5-2 suit. In today's hand, for example, South made an easy game at spades while game at hearts would have been more difficult and might have been impossible against careful defence.

When the hand was actually played, West opened the ace of diamonds. On receiving the deuce from his partner, he switched to a club.

South decided that the enemy's failure to continue diamonds indicated that the suit was split 3-3. After winning the second trick with the ace of clubs, therefore, he cashed

NORTH 23	
♠ Q 8 4	
♥ K 9	
♦ Q 4 3	
♣ 10 4 2	
WEST	
♠ J 7 5 3	
♥ A 10 8	
♦ K J 5 3	
EAST	
♠ A 2	
♥ 10 9 8	
♦ 7 5 2	
♣ K 8 7 6	
SOUTH (D)	
♠ K 10 9 6	
♥ A Q 10 7 4	
♦ K J 9	
♣ A	
Neither side vul.	
South West North East	
1 ♠ Pass 1 N. T. Pass	
2 ♣ Pass 2 ♠ Pass	
4 ♣ Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♦ A	

the king of diamonds and led the jack to dummy's queen.

South next ruffed a club and entered dummy with the king of hearts to ruff another club. He then cashed the ace of hearts and led the queen of hearts next.

West couldn't do much about this, but he hopefully ruffed with the king of hearts over and led the last club for South to ruff with the ten of hearts. South next led the ten of hearts, and West could only helplessly ruff with the seven.

Dummy overruffed once more, and now the last diamond was led from dummy. East could not prevent declarer from winning a further trick with the king of spades, and the defenders thus won their two aces.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: West North East South 1 Diamond Double Rebl. 7

You, South, hold: Spades Q-J-9-8-7-6, Hearts Q-5, Diamond 5, Clubs A-9-8-7. What do you do?

A—Bid two spades. Probably somebody has made a light bid of some kind, but you have nothing to fear. Even if North has a light spade suit, you should be safe as a spade contract.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades Q-J-9-8-7-6, Hearts Q-5, Diamond A-9-8-7, Clubs 5. What do you do?

DUMB BELLS



WILLIAM LAFFLER'S DISCUSSION

BELAFONTE SINGS A FOLK SONG

A HIGHLIGHT of "Almanac," Broadway revue of last season, was Harry Belafonte's singing "Mark Twain" and "Hold 'Em Joe."

"Hold 'Em Joe" was, even though a good one, just another calypso, but "Mark Twain" was a new experience for theatre goers. It was a folk song about the great Mississippi River and how an expression came to be. Belafonte wrote the song.

An RCA Victor 12-inch LP, "Mark Twain and Other Folk

Favourites," by Belafonte, included in the 12 songs are several ancient folk tunes such as "Soldier, Soldier," "John Henry" and "Lord Randall."

Fans of Joe (Fingers) Carr will find his latest Capitol LP, "Fireman's Ball," possibly the hottest he has recorded to date. Carr's nimble fingers play fire-truck piano breaks on such standards as "Red Wing," "Johnson Rag," "Goonies" and "I Ain't Got Nobody."

Ray Anthony wraps up the current favourites in a single LP package for Capitol, "TV's Top Tunes." Among them are "Young At Heart," "Wanted," "Bernard's Highway," which Anthony keeps fresh as the newer songs.

Latin Tunes

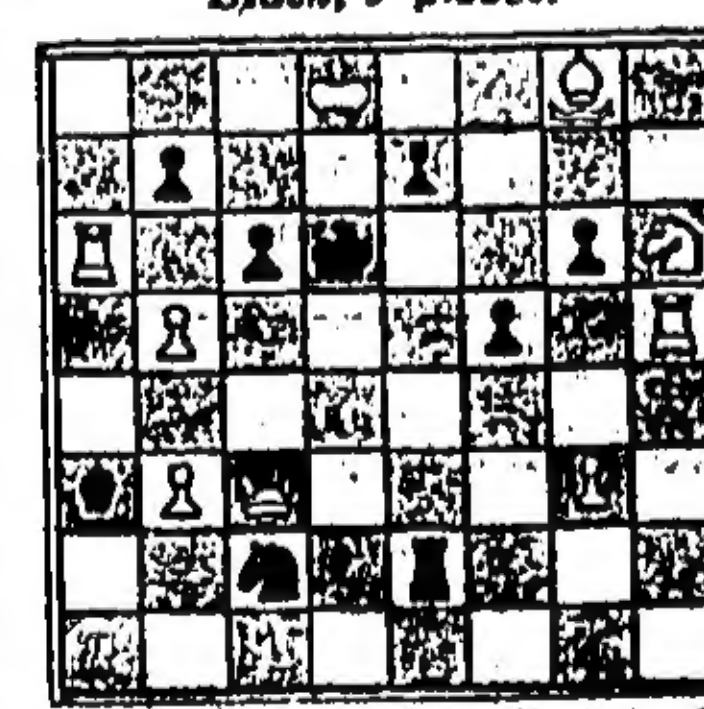
RCA Victor's "Dinner in Rio" is an exceptional Latin American collection that focuses attention on an outstanding Brazilian orchestra leader, Eino Leino. There are a few familiar numbers such as the inevitable "Brazil," but the Latinophile will prefer the more obscure but equally exciting numbers such as "Nos Tres" and "Parabola."

In the more commercialized field of Latin American rhythms, Rene Toussaint's (M-G-M) recordings of "Quiero Ser" and "Poco City Mambo" will satisfy the mambo fan.

Larry Alpert and the Eriv Yontiff Players give their version of the origin of the Jewish delicacy, gefilte fish, in the Mercury single, "From the Sea Came the Fish." New York apartment dwellers will chuckle over the tenant's verbal duel with the superintendent on the slipcover "Apartment House."

CHESS PROBLEM

By L. PINTER
Black, 9 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to play; mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Q-Kt4, any; 2. Q, Kt, or P (diag ch) mates.

DART WORDS

TODAY'S Dart words begin with "T". The word "TART" is a synonym for "TART" and "TART" is a synonym for "TART". The word "TART" is a synonym for "TART" and "TART" is a synonym for "TART".

1. The word may be an anagram of the word "TART".

2. It may be a synonym for "TART" and "TART" is a synonym for "TART".

START HERE



(Continued on Page 11)

THE SENORITA IS SO SORRY

By JOHN CULMER

I MUST tell you about the piropos, the traditional compliments which Spanish men offer to pretty women in the street.

They are as much a part of life in Spain as bull-fights and lotteries, and have come down the centuries as one of the many ways in which Spaniards express the formal, ceremonial courtesy for which the country is famous.

I had heard and read about piropos, but it was my friend Don Bernardo Francisco Martin who really explained them to me.

We are sitting, as we often do, at a cafe table under the trees in the long, wide, grass-bordered Paseo de la Castellana, which is one of the pleasantest places in Madrid to while away an hour or two before dinner.

We were watching the evening strollers as they passed up and down the long avenida—groups of

handsome, smartly dressed Spanish girls, young men in well-cut linen suits, dignified middle-aged couples, and the inevitable sprinkling of tall, stately matrons.

Every few minutes a young Spaniard, walking alone or with two or three friends, would whisper what appeared to be a surreptitious greeting as he met and passed a group of girls.

I asked Don Bernardo what the young men were saying, knowing that he would be only too glad to tell me about one of the traditional customs of his beloved Spain.

"These piropos, as we call them, are offered, as you see, to strangers," he said, "and a young woman who walks the length of this street without receiving at least one complimentary comment on her appearance will have good cause to feel sorry for herself."

"The piropo is one of the gallant and effective ways we have of offering a woman worshipful admiration. Although directed to a particular woman at a particular moment, it enshrines something of the quality of a rite which a Spaniard fulfills with every woman."

The piropo may range all the way from a simple, jocular "Que guapa!" (meaning merely "How smart!") to much more elaborate, poetically phrased compliments devised to suit a particular woman and praising in detail the special qualities which have attracted her admirer's attention.

"The piropo is something quite natural, something instinctive, which we Spaniards carry always within us," Don Bernardo explained. "It flashes out like lightning or falls gently and softly like the morning dew. It is a warm and pleasant outburst with which we let women know that we like them all a little and admire them all continuously."

The piropo must be effortless, pleasantly to the point, and quite spontaneous, and the feminine reaction required by convention is to ignore it completely, not admitting by the merest trace of a smile or the slightest change of expression that the compliment has been heard or the man's existence even noticed.

Between the "Hija de mi vida!" ("Daughter of my life!") which, by Spanish standards, says virtually nothing, to much more personally detailed compliments, there is an infinity of phrases in which a Spaniard may express admiration and homage.

"All these phrases contain," Don Bernardo continued, "more in their manner of expression than in the words themselves, a whole world of delicately complimentary insinuation and courteous flattery, a deep well of admiring sentiment."

Don Bernardo is an enthusiast, and as he spoke he instinctively raised his glass and drank a silent toast to a dark-eyed senorita who was passing our table.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1954.



JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

SHOW BUSINESS

SOME men climb the steps to the Bow Street dock fearfully, as if the gallows frowned over their summit. Shame weighs the feet of others, like lead, as they make the climb, and there are some, particularly drunks about to plead not guilty, who take a running jump at the steps, eager to prove their exuberance.

Bob mounted the dock lightly-footedly, like a sprinter warming up before a race, and he held himself with poise, not discomfited as some are by the prickly stares from the public gallery on his back. He was used to appearing in public, that was his life, and he was trained like an athlete to be nimble on his feet. He is a dancer.

£71 OWING

IN close, claustrophobic night clubs and in film studios, in front of stage footlights and television floodlights, Bob has made his living with his dancing feet.

And perhaps there were some in the public gallery at Bow Street who, seeing him spring into the dock at Bow Street, wondered where they could have seen his lean, handsome face before.

"Is it true that you are £71 in arrears with the payments on a £3 a week court order to your wife?" asked Mr. Pegg, the learned clerk, came out of retirement to help out with Bow Street's pressing business.

"Yes, that's true," said Bob, and allowed himself a sigh, as if it brought him to remember the old days when he had been married. His wife, like him, was in the entertainments business. They had a child.

The marriage came unstuck, there was a separation order, which said that Bob must pay £3 a week towards the maintenance of his wife and child.

FOUR-MONTH RUN

"THIS man is not working at the moment," said the police officer in charge of the case, to the magistrate.

"He'd better come into the witness-box and tell me about it," said the magistrate.

Bob took the oath. "I paid until the run of my last show ended," he said. "It was a four-month run, but since it ended I've only done a little television and film work."

"How much do you pay for your lodgings?" asked the magistrate.

"Four guineas a week," Bob answered.

"Then how do you pay for your lodging?"

"Well, the television engagement paid for four weeks and then I had these days on films. And I'm rehearsing now for a new show — cabaret in a night-club."

NO CONTRACT

"How much will you get for that?" the magistrate asked.

"I'm not quite sure," Bob said. "But I'll be starting very soon."

"Where is this cabaret to be?"

"Well, it may be at —"

Bob said, naming a famous place.

"But is there no contract? Are you asking me to believe you don't know how much you will be paid, or where you will perform?" asked the magistrate who, being Mr. E. G. Robey, was not entirely unfamiliar with the way things are arranged in the entertainments world.

"It's not my act," Bob said.

The magistrate turned to the officers in charge of the case. "I think the best thing," he said, "will be to adjourn this matter until this man knows how much he is going to earn."

THE SHOW GOES ON

HE turned to Bob. "You must come along then," he said, not sounding too severe. "We will see what is to be done about this."

He named the date and time. "Thank you," Bob said, and went away, breathing softly as a cat, and the Bow Street show, that has had one of London's longest-ever runs, went on with its infinite variety.

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ISRAEL WARNED

'Urgent Measures Must Be Taken To Avoid Aggression'

London, Sept. 17. Eight Arab envoys in London tonight warned that "urgent measures" must be taken "to deter Israel from any further aggression" to avoid an outburst in the Middle East.

They said this in a statement read to a press conference here by the Egyptian Ambassador, Abdul Rahman Hakki.

More British Goods For Soviet Bloc

London, Sept. 17.

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, said in Glasgow today that British firms would be able to export more goods to Communist bloc countries following an agreement reached between this country and the United States to reduce the list of "strategic" goods whose export to Iron Curtain countries was banned or restricted.

He said that the reduction of the list was a very appreciable one but that strategic controls as such would be kept on. He said that Britain took the initiative in getting the list reduced and had discussed the question with other friendly powers besides the United States.

Among the previously restricted exports now to be freed, Mr. Thorneycroft said, were almost all types of locomotives and rolling stock, all agricultural machines, a wider range of machine tools, diesel engines and other industrial goods.

He added the British Admiralty would authorise with certain restrictions, the construction of merchant vessels, mine-sweepers, tugs and trawlers for export to the Soviet Union.—France-Press.

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Before the press conference attended by the eight envoys, the Middle East Ambassador called at the British Foreign Office and left an aide memoir with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, expressing their views.

In their press statement, the envoys said "immediate assistance" should be given to the Arab states "to strengthen them economically and militarily."

"We wish to warn against the false clamour of Israel for peace. If she were sincere, she should at least have attempted to create a propitious atmosphere by respecting and executing the resolutions of the United Nations which she has hitherto flouted and ignored," the Ambassadors said.

The envoys represented Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Yemen and Libya.

Arab sources said here a joint approach similar to that made in London would be made by the Arab envoys in Washington soon.

The envoys' statement stressed that the present moment was auspicious in the development of friendly relations between Arab countries and the West.

They emphasised the serious danger which threatens to nullify this development, to imperil the peace of the Middle East, and the progress of its peoples and to leave this vital region open to attack both from within and without.

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'China Will Liberate Formosa'

London, Sept. 17.

General Ho, Lung, commanding officer of the south-western military area of Communist China, today expressed the "resolute determination" of the whole army to liberate Taiwan (Formosa) "so as to defend the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the country and defend peace in Asia and the rest of the world."

The New China News Agency reported.

General Ho was addressing the third day's meeting of the First National People's Congress.

He expressed the army's warm support for the constitution and pledged firmly to accomplish the task assigned them by the constitution — "defend the motherland."

General Ho said: "Any imperialist aggression against China would be smashed to pieces." — Reuter.

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Casey Hopes French Will Not Withdraw Indo-China Forces

Washington, Sept. 17.

The Australian External Affairs Minister, Mr. Richard G. Casey, said, on his arrival here today, that all economic aid for the SEATO powers would be given through the Colombo Plan organisation.

He also hoped that French forces would not be withdrawn soon from Indo-China.

Mr. Casey arrived at the National Airport at 12.50 p.m. from London where he conferred yesterday with the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, on Far Eastern affairs.

Mr. Casey is spending a few hours here to confer with the Under-Secretary of State, General Walter Bedell Smith, and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He plans to go to New York tonight for preparatory talks on the forthcoming United Nations Assembly.

He said that at the next meeting of the Colombo Plan powers in Ottawa next month, he would have "several significant suggestions to make to improve the economic stability of South-East Asia."

In this connection diplomatic officials understood Mr. Casey would ask for immediate and substantial economic aid for Laos and Cambodia.

He said, "I do not doubt the United States will make its share of this meeting at which she will be represented by Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Samuel W. Hays."

Referring to the French expeditionary force in Indo-China, Mr. Casey said, "I would hope all French forces would not be withdrawn quickly from there."

This was his reply to reports that the French Finance Minister, M. Edgar Faure, on his arrival here next week, would seek United States financial aid to help maintain the expeditionary force there, failing which France might withdraw the whole force.

He said he had conferred with Sir Winston Churchill yesterday on the SEATO pact and the Far Eastern situation.

"I found the Prime Minister fully appreciative of the importance of SEATO to world peace," Mr. Casey said.—United Press.

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